Via P & O

By

Jane Stocking

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BY

JANE STOCKING

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TO
MY THREE SISTERS

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VIA P. & O.

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Shanghai, June 16th.

Very well, my dearest sister, it shall be as you say.

The mystery as you call it shall be cleared, and all that you want to know, even to the worst, you shall know. After I read your letter, I sat thinking for a long time (it is past midnight now) and I came to a decision; and that was to tell you the truth. I could, of course, go on, as I have in the past six years, writing you scrappy, superficial letters —trying to keep out of them, all that would hint that things are not well with me. I thought I had fooled you, not fooled you, I hate that word,—but blinded you to the real condition of things, but evidently my art wasn't up to my desire, and somewhere between

the lines my sorry face must have showed itself. And so, partly because I see that I can't blind you any more, I will tell you the truth; partly also because I too have suddenly seen where I was blind before, and have realised that what you call the mystery, must be far worse for you to bear than *any* truth could be and that you are suffering far more from all your imagination tells you is wrong with me, than you will when you know all that I have to tell. Of course no word of any trouble must ever reach the Aunts. If they brought us up, as you and I have sometimes thought, somewhat unlovingly, they at least did their full duty towards us, and it would be a poor return now to disturb their gentle spinstered life with any knowledge of "unseemly" trouble in the family.

There is one thing I ask in return for frankness on my part, and that is, that

if my letters are to be dirges, you will let yours continue to be the songs of happiness they have always been. If I am not to spare you one detail of my misery, will you on your side give every detail of your happiness? You might perhaps think that it hurts me to hear of all that you have, when I am so poor in these same things, but oh, Patty dear, don't think it. It has been all that I have had to comfort me through all these hard years—the one thing that has saved to me my faith in life. Tell me everything about your happy days; and, oh, make the days very long. To know you happy and beloved, among all the sweet and gracious things of life, has put me to sleep many a time *smiling,* when otherwise—I wouldn't have slept at all. Oh, my dearest, heap your letters full of joy. Your husband, your blessed babes, your garden, your dogs, they all help. Some-

times after reading one of your letters, after the long two weeks' wait, I feel as though I had buckled on a suit of armour, or swallowed a whole bottle of tonic.

Well, here I have written pages and have told you nothing. I'm too tired to begin to-night and it makes no difference for it is ten days before the English mail goes, and before that I shall have written you a short book. And that reminds me to tell you, dear, to be careful, very careful, not to let it show in your answer that I am telling you the truth. I hardly know what would happen should Karl find it out.

He talks a great deal about a wife's loyalty to her husband, and has strong and frequently expressed ideas of what it should be. If he found out that mine had died, I don't believe he would ever let me have another letter from you. That sounds absurd, doesn't it, but it

would be quite possible in this country where the master is the master and servants know but one law, and that his will.

You see Karl knows nothing of the sacredness of private correspondence. My letters usually reach me opened—our mail both coming and going goes through the office, as it is the safest way, in this land of primitive postal arrangements. These real letters to you I shall of course mail with my own hands. So, dearest, use as much caution as though we were mediæval prisoners instead of free-born Americans. And now I must go to bed, but before I stop just this word to cheer you before you go further in the book. It will sound strange, after the gloom of the story so far, but it is true. *I am not unhappy,* I am always lonely, sometimes afraid, sometimes weary and bored, but real sadness, miserable sadness that

comes from a breaking heart, that, thank the Good God, has gone, never to come back. No, I am not unhappy, I am often quite cheerful and *I'm not unhappy.*

Good-night, dear blessing of a sister.

June 17th.

I woke this morning my dearest, with but two feelings in my body. I mean body, not mind, for I don't believe I have one any more. I don't think at all. I just have feelings of different kinds. Well, my first feeling was that I couldn't write you to-day, or any other day, as I promised last night, and my second feeling was, that it was very, very warm.

It was only six, but already the sun pierced the green shutters of my room in thousands of shafts of burning light; I never knew the sun to find out the weak places in a blind as it does here.

These last few days have been a foretaste of what the summer is to be, I suppose, and how am I to bear it, for I hate the heat so much. Well, it's a small matter, and the mention of it shows me how easy it is to form a habit of whining. I shall get through the summer of course as the rest of Shanghai does, and already I am in a better frame of mind, and am beginning to plan how I can make things more comfortable during the hot weather, both for Karl and myself. There is habit again asserting itself, for how can I have a frame to my mind, when I have just confessed that I haven't one? I know when you read this you will say "Bosh," I wish she would stop trying to be smart—good old American smart I mean—and begin whatever she has to say. But you must let me get at it in my own way. It was only after rereading your letter twice, that I have cour-

age enough to keep my promise which is already in black and white—to break the silence of these six years and tell you the secret of my unhappiness. There! Just the way in which I have written those lines makes me feel quite ill. Silence—secret—how dreadfully melodramatic it sounds, when I don't really feel like that at all, and look at the situation, even if I can't write of it in a very matter of fact way.

So, dear heart, if my words sound lurid, remember it is because they carry their association with them, and as I know no other word for silence, and no other word for secret, I must use them and their kind.

I will begin at the beginning, so that you shall understand fully, but first I want to tell you how your letter got to me. I thank heaven that you understood my hints—which I always feared to make plainer, because I didn't know

then that there was to be plain speaking between us—about sending any private letter in some private fashion. Karl never gives me my letters unopened, not that he is interested in them apparently, but because it has become a habit with him to open them at the office, glance over them I suppose, and toss them to me when he gets home. Somebody once said something about an opened letter being like a peach with the bloom rubbed off. My feeling about it is less poetic, but more forcible.

Well, your letter of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby together with their cards, I found when I came in from my drive the day before yesterday. I immediately sent them an invitation to dine the next evening, fearing that they might be going on to Japan at once, and also because I couldn't wait, to see some one who had seen you and the beloved children, only six weeks ago.

I didn't attempt to get any one to meet them, because all the nice people are away for the summer, and because I knew I could talk more about you if we were alone. They came, and before dinner Mr. Willoughby asked me to show him the garden, and would not be put off, though I told him what the mosquitoes would do to him. So he and I went out into the dusk, leaving Karl to make himself agreeable, as he can do better than any one I know, to a pretty woman. When we had come to the furthest corner of our compound Mr. W. pulled out your dear letter and said, "Mrs. Ford asked me to put this into your hands. I think it is something she would like you to read alone." I couldn't say anything, I just took it, and slipped it into the neck of my gown. It was pretty bulky but fortunately my clothes are loose, and there it lay all evening so cheeringly. I knew even be-

fore I got to my room and devoured it that it held more comfort than I have had in years! Mrs. Willoughby is a pretty little thing, quite undeniably stupid, as of course you know. How I plied them both with questions during dinner. Karl was on his good behaviour, and didn't show how bored he was with the conversation, which was almost entirely about you and the children.

All was going very smoothly until Mrs. Willoughby turned to her husband and said, "Billy, where is the letter Mrs. Ford gave you for Mrs. Freiheit?" My heart stood still. I saw myself obliged to either burn that precious letter unread, or hand it over to Karl the moment they had gone. However, Mr. Willoughby answered serenely,

"Why, I presented it yesterday when we called," and before she had time to finish something she was murmuring

about "I didn't mean that"—he had started off on a story about a fight between the first and second officer of their steamer in which a lady was vaguely concerned and it riveted Karl's attention at once.

I have an idea that Mrs. Willoughby received a kick perhaps too hasty to be gentle, for she sat rather cross looking and silent for some time.

There, darling, that's the way in which your letter came to me. I have spun it out as long as I could and now I must really begin.

When I left America you were not quite out of your teens, and I just in my twenties. It seems far more than seven years ago.

My marriage was for you a great picnic, wasn't it? A beautiful, legitimate occasion for new clothes for us both, for shopping to our hearts' content, for excitement and pleasures which we had

never had in our quiet lives. The Aunts certainly did all they could for us. They ardently wished for my happiness, and that they had never had the same kind of happiness themselves, made them the more eager in their gentle way to further mine. That I was to marry a German—and go away with him to a far-away land, dismayed them no more than it did me. They looked well to his credentials of course, but finding that he was well to do and was therefore not marrying me for my modest fortune, they felt their duty done. They never counselled delay, nor the test of time. They never said to me one word of what marriage really is. How in the world could they?

As you have since married and love the man you married (how curious that we both married out of America, you in England, I in Asia) you know now, though you did not then, all that it

meant to me. The heights and depths and dreams of it all come back to me in a flood, if I only shut my eyes and remember. But I don't do that, not any more, and I only remind you of how much I loved Karl, because if I don't tell you how I loved him, you won't understand how unhappy I have been, and if you don't understand how unhappy I *have* been, you won't be able to realise how far from unhappy I am now, and that, after all, is the real reason for this letter. Oh, dear, how I hate writing it all.

I arrived in Japan one day and we were married the next as you know. Karl was handsomer even than when I had seen him last. You remember that we used to call him the beautiful man, that summer at Baden. I wore my lovely wedding dress, far too gorgeous for a quiet wedding, and the veil just as you had pinned it, and found your lit-

tle note tucked into its folds, to be read on my wedding day. It seems a thousand years ago. It was April, the month of all months in Japan, just when the blossoms were beginning to bloom, and the country in her most bewitching dress. Our honeymoon we spent in rickshaws, travelling through a country that was fairyland to me. We stopped sometimes in foreign hotels, but more often in Japanese inns, sleeping like real Japanese on the matted floors, eating their food and wearing for the fun of it kimonos and tabi. Our evenings we would spend sometimes afloat, on the Inland Sea, under a moon that was more wonderful than any moon I had ever seen, or again on some little pleasure dock, built over a running stream, and lit with thousands of paper lanterns. Here we would sip our tea, and eat rice cakes and midzuame, and listen to the distant twang of some

Geisha's samisen. It was a charmed life, and the glow in Karl's eyes was the spell that worked the charm!

It was almost three months before we got to Kido and our own small house. Youth and love in the quaintest of settings, that was my portion, and I trod the world as though it belonged to me. There wasn't much to do in K. but I made for myself a life that was very full and happy. I made a few friends, but they entered not at all into my real life. This was made up of my piano, my birds (I had canaries and parrakeets and a thrush), my little house; the beautiful outside world, and above and beyond everything else my love for Karl.

If I could have died then at the end of five months, how well it would have been for me; and how sad every one would have thought it.

"And only married five months," they would have said.

If Karl left me for a day or two now and then I knew it was on business and that it was impractical for me to go with him. I spent the time in planning surprises for him. I searched the shops for some little piece of brass or copper —for he was making a collection—I spent hours trying to teach the cook to make the things he liked, or I sewed away on a centrepiece, or something that would make his home a little more attractive and that I could do with my own hands.

For I loved then to sit and sew, putting into every stitch a thousand thoughts of him, as I suppose a mother does when she sews little things for her baby. I couldn't make his clothes, so I had to be content with sofa cushions for his dear head to rest on—or the

fashioning of lampshades to shade his eyes. As for his socks, I indulged in orgies of sentiment over his socks! I look back at it all with wonder and scorn at my foolishness, but there was no flaw to those few months, and I suppose that is more than many a poor woman has claimed from life.

No doubt I let him see it, probably I bored him dreadfully with it all, but I was blinded by the inner light of my own great passion. And don't think dearest that it was a physical passion only. I believed him to be the highest, the noblest, the most generous, the most charming man in the world.

And this last I still concede, for in pure charm of personality, when he chooses to exert it, I have never known his equal in either man or woman. I sometimes think that the mixture in his blood accounts for it; as it does for his curiously handsome face. Do you re-

member his swarthy skin and aquiline nose that he gets from a Spanish ancestor, and the steel blue eyes that are such surprise beneath his black lashes? I won't write more of that time, it isn't good for me even to think of it. If you have any further curiosity to know how near to the realms of heaven and idiocy a woman can come, in the days of her love, read over, as you say you have kept them all, some of my letters of that time—they ought to tell you.

Well, my fairyland began to change its character not suddenly, but gradually; I never can remember dates, and months, but it was about the time that the chrysanthemums burst into red and golden balls in all the gardens of Japan. I loathe chrysanthemums.

I don't know just how my first misgivings came to me, nor my first doubt that Karl was true to me. They came perhaps from watching the life about me,

the easy morals of the East. I saw the lives of the men about us and I began to speculate and grow jealous of Karl's past and from suspicion of his past, it was but a step to suspicion of the present. I had so much time to give to it. Karl was often away, for days at a time, and when at home he was at the office all day, and very soon after we were settled in the little house, he began to go out regularly to the club in the evenings.

The ostensible reason of these evenings was poker which he adores. They were called evenings, but they ended only with the dawn.

When this hell of suspicion first took hold of me, I had but one idea, and that was to know the truth. It seemed to me that if I could only know the truth, it would stop the agony, and then when at last I did know it, how I longed myself

back in the days when there was still a blessed doubt to cling to.

You know, dear, if you have read any books on Japan and of course you have (Henry Norman's "Real Japan" gives a good picture of it) that in each Japanese town, there is a certain quarter, where in long rows of little houses behind wooden bars looking out upon the street, sit evening after evening, Japanese girls, gaily dressed, gaily painted, gaily lighted by gay paper lanterns, and if the books say truly, with sad hearts. Well, in our small port, this quarter of painted faces and sad hearts lay below us on the right, for our bungalow was on a hill, and far below us on the left lay the club.

I had only one means of finding out what I longed to know. Probably there were others but they did not occur to me. I am afraid I showed little intelli-

gence at that time. There were so many things that I might have done, and so much that I might have spared myself.

Oh, the hours, Patty—the hours I have watched and listened, have lain wide-eyed in bed, or paced the little balcony outside of my room, and from which I could see plainly the long road down the hill, and its final turning. The floor of that little balcony was worn as smooth as glass, and I used sometime to wonder if any other such stockinged anguish as mine had given it its satin surface.

Our bungalow was on the main road, running through the town, from the water's edge to the hills, and hundreds of rickshaws made their way up and down both day and night. It was easy of course to distinguish as I lay in bed, between those going up and those going down, and in time my ears became

so sharp that I could tell the rickshaw of a foreigner, from that of a native, for the foreigners almost invariably, and Karl always, used two Kurumaya, and made better speed.

So all through those miserable lonely nights, two and sometimes three in a week, I lay there in the dark, listening and listening, and then when I heard a rickshaw coming up with brisker, more purposeful gait than usual, I would spring out of bed, run to the balcony and crouch there at the railing watching for it to appear at the cross-roads and then if it turned and came up our road I waited with heart beating, ears and eyes strained in the darkness until it stopped at our gate or made its way up the hill.

Oh, my sister, those nights! How many thousands of times I wonder, did I spring to that balcony and crouch there. I never had any sensation of

cold or fatigue. There were but two words in my mind—right or left.

One night as I watched, a centipede must have dropped from the eaves to my arm, for there next morning was the long evil-looking mark, but I knew nothing of it when it happened. Then at last when his rickshaw had stopped at our gate, if it had come from the left, I would crawl back to bed to sleep exhaustedly—but if it had turned from the right I would lie open eyed wondering and wondering. Where had he been, where had he come from? And then at last after all that watching, and spying I learned the truth in quite a simple way, and my life's happiness collapsed like a pricked balloon.

One day when I had been married nearly a year, a Japanese woman holding a child by the hand, came to our door asking for "O'Donoson." I sat reading where I could both see and hear

her and I knew enough Japanese by this time to understand her quite well. One of those impulses that make all the difference in life, sometimes the difference of life and death, came to me, and I went to the door and questioned her. There was not a moment's doubt in my mind when I saw her and the blue-eyed child with her, and I turned to Boy, who had been with Karl several years, and said, "Is that Master's child?" I said it quietly and naturally, just as a docile and——Japanese wife might have spoken, and he said "yes" and added that there was soon to be another. I told him to tell her to go to Master at the office if she wanted something, and I went back and took up my book, and read quite half a page, before I realised what had happened to me.

I can't tell you of the time after that. I remember almost nothing but a confused blur of misery.

During the first few days of my knowing the truth, Karl was very kind to me. I never forget that. I have many detached memories of kind words and proffered pettings. I do remember quite distinctly one afternoon, how many days after my misery began I don't know, sitting with Karl on the sofa in our little sitting-room (leaning, I suppose, against one of the ridiculous results of needlework and sentiment) my head on his shoulder, and for the first time in many days, the smarting tears in my eyes. As far as my memory serves, that was the very last time my head ever did lie on his shoulder, or my hand in his. Think of it, Patty, in six long years to come no nearer to your own husband than a rare perfunctory kiss can draw two cold faces. Of course, it is my own choice, but what other choice have I?

I do remember (and it does me good

to remember) that he strove to be kind. If he told me I mustn't mind—that all men were by nature polygamists, I know quite well that what he intended was to comfort and soothe.

It's curious and I can't explain it, but his kindness and his sympathy did help me. I had no abhorrence of him at all. It seemed as though he, the offender, was quite outside the whole matter, and was simply acting the part of kindness to a fellow creature. It was my love that was hurt, and wounded and dying, something within myself—but it had little to do with him.

Any heroine in a book would have had brain fever a generation ago, or nervous prostration in our day, but I got not a moment's change of agony.

I suppose I acted rationally, I did everything in a blur of feelings. I remember seeing people, paying calls, or-

dering the meals, and then without remembering how I came there I would find myself face downward on the floor. It seemed as though it were the only thing to do.

It was at this time that I learned to know the real Karl; or to be more accurate Karl's real ideas, and convictions. He adhered strongly to his belief that there was no wrong in what he had done; he confessed that it would be impossible for him to remain true to one or even two women, and that he had never tried to achieve what would have been to him a needless privation. He was sorry for my pain, and he could understand my jealousy, but he assured me that it would pass and that I would in time become so accustomed to the situation that I would forget it.

He admitted that the woman and child were a mistake. It was always a pity he said, to fetter oneself with ties

of that kind. But he admitted his responsibility and said he would always take care of them.

I can explain his attitude only by the fact that he is a product of this godless East. Though German by birth, Karl is really no more German than I am—he is a cosmopolitan of the most finished kind. He was born in Shanghai, and played as a boy with children of all nations. When his German father and Spanish mother died, he was only nine and was sent back to Europe to spend his boyhood in school; at eighteen he came back to take charge of the business in Japan, and Japan stamped upon him at that impressionable age, her code of morals.

For weeks, while my door remained locked, we talked of this dreadful topic. We talked of nothing else. Poor Karl tried to get away from it, but I gave him no peace. We quarrelled violently

and bitterly. Could I have made him see my point of view—made him admit his fault, things might have been different in the end, but he was true to his own simple code, and it was my attitude that seemed to him selfish and incomprehensible.

My torture that he should have children that were not mine, he did not understand at all. But you will, Patty darling. You will know what it meant to be childless in such a case.

When I learnt through Boy that the second child had been born, I thought I should go mad. But I didn't. I sent her a basket of things to eat, and that night I told Karl that I had sent it. I hoped the great magnanimity of my conduct would rouse in him a feeling of admiration for me, and a sense of his own unworthiness, but all he said was—"I wouldn't bother, she probably doesn't like foreign food."

It makes me laugh as I write that. I really think it was rather comic.

Karl's greatest strength lies in his ability to put others in the wrong and I could never make him see that his lying was any worse than my spying, and so strongly did he contend this, that sometimes I believed it myself, and felt contempt for myself that I should ever have doubted him and so found out the truth.

Can you explain this? Am I right in thinking it a curious situation, that I should often have felt myself the culprit; or are many wives in a like state of subjection?

For a time I thought of going home, but only for a time. You were about to be married, and I could not throw a shadow on your happiness. And I never felt quite sure of the Aunts' sympathy. I was not quite sure that they would not agree with Karl that a wife's place under all circumstances is

with her husband and that only a coward runs away from the first unpleasantness of life.

Well, dearest, I have come almost to an end.

After months of quarrelling, Karl and I came to an agreement. I promised never again to mention his mode of life, as long as he would respect my wishes. Neither of us has broken his compact, and we have lived as far apart as the poles.

Whether it has cost him anything I don't know, but I know what it has cost me.

I suppose all fierce passions must wear themselves out in time, and so my jealousy and my curiosity and my power to suffer are all used up, as you would use up a spool of thread, and there is not a needleful left. I am calm and indifferent to most things and I live from minute to minute, without ap-

prehension for the future, or regret over the past, as a sensible woman should. Of course I am not quite made of stone yet; I have my moods, but when once you know real suffering little things don't matter.

The rest of our six years in Japan passed monotonously. I saw many seasons come and go—first the azaleas crimsoned the hills, then the cherry blossoms swept over the land (they cannot compare with our apple orchards that no one makes any fuss about), then the iris and the great pink lotus would bloom in their fields of mud and slime, while the sun shone in a copper sky, and the foreign population went abroad disguised in sun helmets and blue glasses; and then the chrysanthemums would flaunt their orange and white and fill the air with their bitter smell. And then winter, with grey skies and cold winds and cold houses and stupid din-

ner parties and stupid dances. With all my heart I welcomed this change to Shanghai, when Karl's uncle died and left the business in his hands. I thought there would be more to do here, but so far it is even duller than Japan. The place is empty now, and very hot, far hotter than Japan was at this season, and it is ugly too, but I welcome that. I am so glad that I need no longer look at beauty and hate it.

And we have just finished with the rainy season and it has rained and rained. Even England doesn't really know what wet rain means.

The only thing that has helped me to bear it, has been to watch the coolies at work on the road wielding a pickaxe in one hand and holding an umbrella in the other! That has been my only diversion. Now, sweet sister, I must go to bed. Good-night and good-bye.

I shall close my eyes with thoughts of you and the children.

CAROLA.

June 22nd.

To-morrow the P. & O. must take this bulky letter to you, dear. I have not written for more than a week, because between the heat and my broken nights, my temper and nerves are none of the best, and I have sworn that now you know the truth, I will not torment you with the boring details of my life.

Last night Karl came home early, and so I slept well, for I have never been able to cure myself of the silly habit of lying awake until I hear him come in. Karl said this morning, "You better begin to break these servants in, for as soon as people come back we'll have to give some dinners." We have been having

trouble with the servants! How familiar that sounds. Cooks seem to be the difficulty. Our Boy is excellent, and has done his best to get us a good one, but the season is dull, and all the good ones seem to be taking a holiday.

The last one we had was quite a novice, and had learned foreign cooking I should think by hearsay. Of the nature of puddings he had little real knowledge. He knew that they were made in a pudding dish, the silver rim was always nicely adjusted, but as to the making of them, I fancy he must have acted on instructions something like these:

"Takee some fashion thing, corn starch, corn meal, puttee one two egg, little milk, makee beat long time, puttee stove one-half hour." It doesn't sound at all a bad recipe as I write it down, and possibly the directions were even more explicit, and it was merely the na-

ture of the ingredients that he forgot. At any rate the first night he gave us sweetened vermicelli, the second night, sweet potato mashed and beaten up with an egg or two and nicely garnished with parsley, and the third night we had a luscious looking thing made of oatmeal, with a layer of whipped cream on top, and little lines and blobs of currant jelly in a very pretty interweaving pattern. I was really grateful to him for this last effort, for Karl caring nothing for puddings anyway laughed heartily, and I laughed too, and it was the first real laugh we have had together in many a long day.

Still we could not let it pass, and so Karl told Boy to take it back to its creator and tell him that it was too late for that morning's breakfast and too soon for the next, and next day there was a new cook, waiting book in hand for orders.

With this one I thought I would see what a little guidance would do, and so when he said, "What thing wanchee pudding," I put my head in my hands and gave myself over to reflection.

My thoughts rioted amid visions of iced dainties, Pêches Melba, Cafés parfaits, wonderful candied masses of glistening sugar. I saw ice cream hens sitting on ice cream eggs, I saw startled looking ice cream hares, whose feet and tail were slowly melting in a nest of spun sugar. My vision culminated in a three-storied tower of delicate pistache tone, crowned with a wreath of pink sugar roses, and containing among other wonders succulent marrons.

Really I must have a good deal of imagination, or was it only the ghost of some creation of Mr. Sherry's in days gone by, that I am flattering myself was my own conception.

Well, I came back to earth again in a

minute and said, "What thing can makee?" to which he answered, "Rice pudding, custard pudding and ice water."

After quite a long verbal combat in pidgin English, which I am only just beginning to acquire, I found that he meant water ice, and this I hailed with joy, and we have had water ice every day since, and that must be quite a week ago.

It is always flavoured with lemon because the other fruits are dangerous this time of year, and of oranges there are none just now. It's monotonous, but an improvement on oatmeal this hot weather. I don't think however that I consider this cook "broken in" for dinner parties.

I suppose you wonder what we eat besides water ice. Much the same as at home, barring the fruit.

The fish is good, especially an

etherealised kind of shad called the samli. Beef and mutton are plentiful and chickens are small but good. Bamboo shoots are delicious—and I order them every day. They are a little like celery roots, but crisper, and with a flavour unlike anything I can think of. I am very fond of them, though my economical soul does revolt sometimes when I realise that I am eating countless embryo chairs and tables, barrel hoops, and walking sticks. I take comfort, however, in the thought that I may be sparing the world an occasional spotted *étagère*. You know the kind of speckled horror I mean, called a "whatnot" and made presumably for the purpose of supporting polished conch shells. I always feel sorry for conch shells, so far from home, and obliged to submit to an unnatural high polish.

As to the rest of the household my amah is a fat, comfortable creature, who

is, or at least looks, as clean as wax. She takes care of my clothes, mends and buttons me up the back, and used to brush my hair, but she irritated me so by her efforts to ingratiate herself by repeated admiration of my long locks, that I had to give it up.

She would have been surprised, poor fat thing, had she known how often I longed to kick her. Her duties certainly are not arduous, and what she does with her time when she is not working, I have no more idea than you have.

It sounds affected to say I don't know how many servants there are, nor the names of any of them. I know the Boy of course almost intimately. He is my mouthpiece and regulator of all the domestic machinery. Then there is No. 2 boy, a No. 1 and No. 2 coolie, and several other creatures who lurk somewhere in the dusk of the Chinese quarters and do the rough work of the house. We have

four mafoos, the first and second I know, for they sit on the box on my daily drive —the other two I should not know any more than I know the difference between our four white, straight-backed, nasty-tempered, little Chinese ponies.

One thing I did enjoy, the choosing of liveries, for the mafoos. I spent quite a day looking over books of samples and finding a combination I like, for Mafoo liveries are always of two colours—and my mafoos look very cool and smart in tan linen with green sashes and green tassels on their bowl-shaped straw hats, and this winter they are to have dark green gowns with lighter green sash and trimmings.

CAROLA

June 29th.

Just hot, dear, and I have nothing to say. I breakfasted on fresh figs, said

to be dangerous, but, oh, so good, icy cold and covered with a purplish bloom.

I did my housekeeping which consisted of telling Boy there would be "one piece gentlemen for dinner" and since then I have been reading a stupid novel. I took my drive to the end of the Bubbling Well Road, and now I am waiting for Karl and our guest whom I believe is literary.

LATER

Now, of course, dear, to a logical mind there is nothing in the world to suggest a connection between literary taste and travelling for a new kind of printing machine. Karl pointed this out quite clearly after our guest had gone. None the less, that is what my mind did—and I was quite prepared to enjoy the evening and hear some talk of new books or new plays, or even old ones. The evening was very disappointing. Our guest had little conversation, and but two an-

swers. When he understood any of my illuminating remarks he said, "*Correct* Mrs. Freiheit," and when he didn't he said, "What say!" It has been a dreadfully hot day.

June 30th.

The last day of June! June! the month of roses. I've always had a feeling for June, because it's my month I suppose—and its name means to me still, roses and singing birds and brooks and ferns that grew beside them; and yet it is years since I saw a daisy field or heard a robin sing. I should like to rechristen the months as long as I live in China—for they are all so out of character. Just picture to yourself a May without blossoms, and a June without roses. July without the firecrackers, and August without the sea! Perhaps you think we have the sea here because we are a port and men of war call on us

in passing—well, the sea is fourteen miles away, and we get to it by the muddiest and ugliest river I have ever seen. It has no shores such as other rivers have, but where the water ends, begins a flat brown mud, that reaches away and away, as far as any one can see, without a tree or shrub or a blade of grass. And then the sea itself when you come to it is brown for a hundred miles out towards Japan. It's the great Yangtze River that brings all this mud with it to the ocean, and its mouth is only twenty miles further north than the opening of our own river. Why doesn't the supply of mud give out I wonder, for it has been washing down here since the beginning of Chinese History and that is older than the oldest Bible legend.

July 5th.

Dearest, I have met an interesting human being—and of all things a *Mis-*

sionary. Her name is Edwarda Grey, but she should have been called Brunhilde. She brought letters from Aunt Patricia and has been here just a week. I wonder how long it will take the climate or something else to take the snap out of her!

At present she is full of it, of colour and health and enthusiasm. She is a medical Missionary, attached to a hospital, where they treat only Chinese women, somewhere out past the native city. She was tremendously surprised that I knew nothing of her hospital, or the other doctors or "the work" as she called it. As if one could keep track of all the Missionaries and their doings! I lacked the courage to tell her that she was the very first Missionary I had ever met. She came in one wilting afternoon, —looking as cool in white linen as though she were in Bar Harbor, her crispy hair curling tight, and colour, real

colour, in her cheeks. She is not pretty, but her splendid teeth, and her straight carriage make her striking.

As we sipped our iced tea, I said quite innocently, as I have heard every white man and woman in the Far East say, "I don't believe in Foreign Missions!" My dear, she got right up out of her chair and towered above me (it was then I thought of Brunhilde) and said in a voice that would have been splendid in a stage heroine, "You don't believe in Foreign Missions, and you live here!"

I felt cowed and frightened, but I gave her with as much spirit as I could, all the arguments against missions that I had ever heard. I never had argued about it before—all the people I know are of the same mind.

"You do great harm," I said; "you thrust our religion upon these people, stir up unmerited antagonism to all foreigners, and cause most of the race-

feeling against us." She didn't answer and I gathered strength.

"How absurd it is," I said, "to teach a lot of creeds and claim for each one that it is the only true belief." Still no answer—and I began to warm to my subject. Then, I said, "Suppose you do convert a heathen now and then. What good does it do? He's no more truthful or honest than he was—that has been proved, and I won't insult you by supposing that you think he can't be saved unless he believes as we do. You don't believe, do you, that the Creator is depending on the efforts of a handful of well-intentioned but inadequate people to save four hundred million souls, and that the ridiculously small number you do convert are the only ones who are to get a good chance in the next world?"

At first I thought she was going to rise out of her chair again—but she kept her seat, and her silence with an effort,

and after a very long pause said, "When will you come out to the hospital?" I hate people who argue that way. It has all the effect of having had the last word, when really they haven't offered one word in their own defence.

"When it's cooler," I said. She said something that sounded like "Pish" and added that to see the hospital would make me forget the heat. But I didn't promise to go any sooner. It's hard enough to get away from Chinese smells in this heat without going in search of them.

Before she left, Dick Mannerly came in—he is a nice young Englishman whom I like, and who has been to see me several times, almost the only man I know here. He is extremely good to look at, a big Norseman in type, with a cleft chin, at which I sometimes look and think it would be nice to be young again. He was much interested in Edwarda. She

is his first Missionary too. His face looked as though he had said "Good God" when I introduced her as Dr. Grey.

The conversation jerked and pulled this way and that and I couldn't help smiling once or twice. "I am very sorry," he said, "that you should see Shanghai in the summer. It is stupid with so few people here."

"Few people," she said; "why, there are four million." I wonder if it would be harder to persuade Dick Mannerly that the Chinese are people—or Edwarda that they are *not?*

When he offered to see her to her carriage or rickshaw she said calmly, "Thank you, I am walking." This time his face looked as though he had said "Great Jupiter."

No one walks in Shanghai in summer, not even the factory girls. I wish you could see them as they pass my windows

early and late, four and five on each side of the big wheelbarrows, laughing, chatting, flirting with the wheelbarrow coolie as he staggers and perspires under his load.

July 15*th.*

Every day at five I leave the house and drive on the Bubbling Well Road. It is a distance of about two miles to the Well itself and every inch of those miles I know by heart. It's a pretty name, I think, and before I had seen the Well it called up a vision of a sparkling pool, ringed about with steps, guarded by a great stone dragon, at whose feet floated water lilies, and great shining leaves. I don't know where I got this Arabian Nights idea. You can't imagine anything more unlike the reality. To see it at all you must get out of the carriage and go to the side of the road, and hang over a wide stone coping, and there far

below is a black oily liquid on the surface of which a bubble breaks now and then, as though some drowning creature were gasping its last in the greasy depths. I've never seen more than three bubbles in five minutes. I've timed them on particularly stupid afternoons.

Well, after you pass the Bubbling Well, you come to an open space, shaded by some fine big trees. Here the Bubbling Well Road ends, and with it all shade, and the Jessfield Road to the right and the Sicawei Road to the left, crawl out into the open sunshine, through cotton fields and grave mounds and occasional Chinese hovels and wander on and on until one of them comes to an end at a creek, and the other,—no; I don't know *where* the other ends, and what do you care anyway. This open space is my favourite place in all Shanghai and here we always stop to allow the pony to get his breath. We stop before an opening

in the trees through which you can get a vista across cotton fields to some woods beyond, and these when the sun gets low, take on a bluish tone, and by squinting my eyes can be made to look like far distant hills. It is even possible to forget for a minute that this is Shanghai, and that there isn't a hill nearer than Hankow.

Another person has found this favourite place of mine. It is a woman who rides a cream-coloured pony and is always alone. She comes nearly every day and sits looking out across the cotton. Perhaps she too is homesick for the sight of mountains and blue water. She has a sad, beautiful face and masses of yellow hair and deep blue eyes. She is so exquisitely fair, that the flush of her cheeks when she first stops, warm from her exercise, is like a deep wild rose, and as she sits there resting, the flush fades until she is like a pale wild rose. She

wears a linen habit and her figure is the loveliest I have ever seen, just one slim graceful line from her head to the tip of her riding boots. She sits her horse too, as though she had known something better than a Chinese pony. I haven't an idea who she is. I shall meet her, I suppose, some day. As to women, she and I are almost alone in Shanghai. Almost all the wives and daughters have gone to cooler places. There are just a few left, who for some reason have preferred to face the heat with their husbands rather than to leave them to swelter alone.

And then of course there are the demi-mondaines, dozens of them. They never go, or if they ever do, they are replaced by others so that always, this Bubbling Well Road, the one drive in Shanghai, is infested with them. They drive in the smartest victorias, wear quite the smartest hats, gowns and parasols, and their mafoos are trigged out in lively combina-

tions of blue and yellow, tan, orange grey and red.

They have hard, bold faces and it hurts me always to meet them. It's a side of life that I try to turn my thoughts away from, but how can I when I am constantly face to face with it? When they come clattering by, laughing and talking, I can't help wondering whether Karl knows them, and whether they know me, and are either laughing at or pitying me.

You'll think it's jealousy, Patty, but it isn't. I *know* what that is you see. No, it is an undefinable hurt they inflict. They make me cringe, and I wish I could call out to them and tell them that I don't share my husband with any one, and that he belongs far, far more to them than to me.

I have been scribbling while I waited for Karl to come to dinner. It's long past eight now, so I suppose he won't

come. It's a dreadfully hot evening. It must mean typhoon, I think.

July 18*th.*

A typhoon has blown for three days, and now at last we have quiet. I had an adventure this morning. Perhaps adventure is a big word for it, but all things are comparative, and to me it had all the excitement that a trip to Europe might have in a life less monotonous than mine. It both interested and cheered me, and yet it was the mere fact of speaking a few words to a rational human being of my own race.

After three days of shut-inness, on account of the storm, I longed to get out, and so, contrary to all custom, I ordered the carriage early this morning, as soon as Karl left for the office, and drove into town, having a wish to see what the wind had done to the little craft in the har-

bour. The English Gardens lie at the water's edge between the harbour and the Foochow Creek. At the entrance I left the carriage and walked through them. The harbour was swept as clean as a wetted slate, not a junk nor a sampan to be seen. I walked to the end of the garden where the Foochow Creek cuts into the land, and there they all were, huddled like frightened children between its shores, and as far as I could see you might have crossed the creek anywhere on their decks.

The Gardens were a sorry sight. Trees were down, shrubs were battered and the flower beds were flat. I liked the sense of wreckage, and I realised that had Shanghai been blown flat on its face I should not have cared. I sat down on a bench with my back toward China and my face toward the Pacific Ocean, and after I had been there a few minutes I heard a "chug chug" and there coming

down the river, the only floating thing on that wide harbour, was a steam launch carrying people and mail to some steamer which has been waiting for them these three days. Something in the fact that I was watching people who were going home to America, perhaps to England, within a few miles of you, was too much for me. I hardly ever cry, but I couldn't help it then, and I let the tears run down. There were a few Chinese gardeners about, picking up things, but I noticed no one else, as I stared after the launch, until a man stopped in front of me and said in a deep kind voice, "You are in some trouble, can I help you?" I had hard work to answer, but I managed to choke out, "No, thank you. No, thank you; I'm only homesick," and he walked away. In a minute he was back again, and said, "There's only one way to cure that. I know for I've tried; and it's occupation," and then he was off

again with long strides. I watched him until he was out of sight. He stopped to speak to one of the gardeners—seemed to give him some orders, stooped over a flower bed and shook his head as though sorry for its battered looks and disappeared.

I can imagine Karl's horror if he knew that I had cried in a public place, and had been caught at it, but oh, the kindness in that man's nice English voice, and the sympathy in his steady grey eyes. I can't be sorry that he saw me. I hope I didn't look very ugly. But the remedy he spoke of, where am I to get that? I don't suppose he would call fancy work an occupation—or housekeeping in a house where many servants do their work like well-oiled machines, and where "old custom" is the only law to which they bow their pigtailed heads.

Occupation—for a woman, in China—Good Heavens!

Still July—date uncertain.

Really, dearest, there is nothing to write about. My days are endless repetitions. In the mornings I try "occupation." I read a little, sew a little, play a little on the piano, which has a very damp tone this weather, and try to kill the time in some way. It passes not impossibly, and it is only sometimes that I realise and regret the necessity for killing rather than living these last years of my youth. Every afternoon after my nap I drive, and every afternoon I look for a little while out towards those bluish hills, and when my half-closed eyes are tired of their part in the deception, I say "home," and the two mafoos who have been flicking the flies from my pony with what looks like part of its own long white tail, jump to the box and we trot home.

To-day the fair girl was there again,

sitting her pony with her usual grace. She sat not two yards distant, but kept her face from me toward the open. I saw Dick Mannerly and Edwarda Grey crossing toward the Well, and I called and beckoned to them, and they came and sat with me for a little while. After they had gone I chanced to look up at the girl and her face was white and drawn as though some storm of emotion or pain had gripped her. I started to leave the carriage and go to her, but before I had my foot on the step, she whipped up her pony and cantered away on the Jessfield Road. I wondered if she could know Dick. He neither bowed to her nor looked at her. I haven't seen my friend of the English Gardens since. It's absurd to say that I miss a man I barely know and yet I do so want to hear his voice and see those kind grey eyes again. They were very comforting.

July 25th.

Far better not to write you, dearest, than to try and make a letter out of nothing, and yet I must write. I have grown to depend on and enjoy this way of spending some of the hours of the day. It does me good to talk to you, brings me near to you, and the children, and to cheerful things. But for news, one day is like another. Heat and damp or sunlight—such sunlight! I wish I could bottle some of it and send it to you for November. And monotony, and the same circle of thought. I saw that phrase in a book and it expresses exactly the movement of my mind. My thoughts go in so perfect a circle that I could almost tell you the hour of the day by the matters that are holding my brain. I try hard to escape from it,—especially when I drive I try to devise new and interesting pictures in my mind —you and the children are always in

them—and I take you with me and together again we travel to all the places we went to in our youth. I am sorry that they are so few. We revisit museums and picture galleries, and I make a mental list of all the pictures I can remember. I sit again through plays and operas, try to remember the airs and fit them to the characters, and then just as I am losing myself in the "Bride of Lammermoor" or "Lohengrin," along comes a carriage with red and tan liveries, or perhaps orange and blue, and the faces in it smile at each other and stare, it seems to me with mockery in their eyes, and then I am back again in that dreadful circle.

If only there was some place to drive except on that awful road.

July 30th.

Something did happen to-day. Karl knocked on my door before I was up and

coming to the foot of my bed, said he thought I was looking seedy and that I ought to go away for a time. He proposed that I take a run over to Japan for a month. I was touched and pleased that he should have so much thought for me and I thanked him really enthusiastically, but I said no. It may have been my vanity, but it seemed to me that he was glad that I didn't want to go. I can't really understand why, as long as he proposed it, he should seem relieved and more cheerful when I had withstood all his urging. I can't be sure whether it was imagination or not, for all he said was, "Well, suit yourself," and went off to the office. I was quite excited over the incident. Karl has not been in my room for years—but he walked in just as naturally as though it were a common occurrence. That's like Karl, he never makes a fuss about things. All he does, he does as though there could

be no question about it. There lies his strength, I suppose.

I have no desire to go to Japan. I am a fool I know, but I have not yet got to that philosophical height where I can think of Japan without resentment. Japan took from me all I had in life, and I can't forgive it. And the fact that I loved its beauty, that its charm went so deep into me before I found it all an illusion, makes it worse. As I think of it now, the blue water, the hills, the beautiful grotesque pines, the masses of blossom and flower all seem to me but the setting of a terrible and agonising dream.

Life blossomed for me there like one of Japan's own cherry trees, with a lying promise of sweet fruit, and brought forth as do its cherry trees only a handful of dried pips. Oh, my dear, how foolish you were to ask me to write honestly. You see the result. Just an unavailing

effort to put a few pessimistic groans into fine language.

August 6th.

Patty dear—I have seen him again! My friend of the English Gardens. I was driving and he was walking and I overtook him and he looked around and smiled and bowed, and of course I smiled and bowed too. Unconventional, I suppose, but oh, how nice and natural. I don't know his name, but I know *him*. He is tall and kind—has grey eyes and a soft heart—he put out sympathetic thoughts to me and I took them and was comforted—then why not bow. We shall meet of course when some one comes back to introduce us. Shanghai society isn't large. I have taken to smiling too at the little Wild Rose. She looks as though she needed some one to smile at her. Her face is very sad lately, and the droop of her pretty figure

comes from something besides the heat, I am sure. When first I smiled and nodded she seemed surprised, but her answering smile was so sweet, and showed such a pretty row of teeth that had it not been particularly hot, and I particularly limp, I would have left the carriage and gone to speak to her. I haven't had a chance since—as soon as she sees me she smiles, touches up the pony and is gone. It seems almost as though she didn't want to meet me, yet her smile is so sweet, so almost appealing that I can't believe it. She must be shy, I think.

August 15th.

I think Dick Mannerly must be decidedly in love with Edwarda. They have been to see me several times and I meet them walking or riding together very often. Edwarda doesn't ride well. She is learning, but she goes at it in her

usual masterful way, and I have a feeling when I see her that she will either learn, or kill the pony.

I should not care to have a doctor for a daughter—but then if you call a girl Edwarda, what can you expect? I always feel that names have some influence on their owners. I've always wished that I had a simpler one. Could a woman be a sentimental "slop over" if she were called Jane Grey or Kate Ford or Mary Jones?

I've asked Dr. Edwarda and Dick to dinner next Sunday evening. Karl is going up country. I doubt whether I would have seen so much of Edwarda if Dick had not taken such a fancy to her. I am fond of that boy, and he has seemed to adopt me as a mother—so I must mother him, and her too, apparently. Her brisk ways are too nearly brusque to make much appeal to me. I like soft women and strong men. Did I ever tell

you how I first met Dick? It was during the first few days after we arrived in Shanghai—at a dance given at the Hotel, in honour of some French man-of-war then in port. I met numbers of men, the French Consul being, I remember, particularly nice and attentive (he has been away ever since) and at about eleven o'clock I was dancing with Dick when I suddenly grew dizzy and faint and felt I must go home. I sent several messages to Karl, but he was playing cards, and sent back word he could not come. Dick was kindness itself,—got my wraps while I waited on the verandah, and insisted on seeing me home. I had not ordered the carriage until twelve, and there was not a rickshaw in sight. Dick proposed sending a coolie to find one, but I knew that we could probably pick one up on the other side of the bridge near the English Gardens, which was only a little way. It was a

wonderful moonlight night, and as we crossed the bridge we stopped to look over the rail, at the swift dark water that was rushing into the Foochow Creek.

Moonlight turns even muddy water into black and silver! As we stood there I saw that below us a big coal junk was caught against a stone pillar of the bridge and several men and women on her deck were running about in the wildest excitement. What happened was this, but why it happened I don't even now know clearly.

The big Ulo at the stern of the junk, must have been held fast in the mud, or wedged in some way, against the bridge. It seems to have acted as a lever against the inrushing tide, and suddenly without warning, that I could see, one end of the junk rose high out of the water, and the whole thing with a great sound of crashing, screaming timber, turned turtle.

As it went over, two men and a woman sprang from its deck to some foothold underneath the bridge (it was too dark to see clearly) and the men came scrambling over the rail, while a Chinaman and my friend Mannerly caught at the woman and dragged her up too. The poor creature gave cries that were terrible to listen to and fell crouching to the ground rocking herself to and fro. I felt that there might be others who were caught in the hold of the junk or were being dragged by the tide into the creek. Her house, perhaps her children had been swept away in an instant, and I could do nothing for her.

The two men ran up and down the bridge, peering into the water at their upturned boat which, once free of the bridge, floated quickly away. I knelt beside the woman saying things in English which of course she could not understand. I begged Mannerly to find

some one who could talk her language, but there was no one. The few Chinese near us spoke another dialect, and after the first few minutes of excitement went their way.

At last I had an inspiration. I took off a heavy bracelet, of soft Chinese gold, worth a fortune to a poor Chinese woman, and slipped it into her hand. This she understood. She gasped as she looked at it, clutched it, looked around to see if her companions were looking and thrust it into her bosom. Then she went on with her moaning. Whether she mourned husband or children, or only a load of coal, I shall never know, but I hope that my bangle may help her. Perhaps you wonder that I didn't do something for her, or stay by her until some help came, as I should have done by a woman of my own race. But what could I do? Though all that she had loved perhaps lay floating upside

down, I could get no idea from my brain to hers save through the bangle. Truly, with this terrible barrier of no language between us, these people are less comprehensible than dogs.

I was trembling with the horror of it as we started off again in search of a rickshaw, and in trying to comfort myself a little made one of those hackneyed phrases that death and disaster must be so tired of hearing as they take their departure.

"Well, perhaps after all it's the best that can happen to them or to any of us, especially if there were children drowned; no doubt they are spared much suffering."

Evidently Dick found no lack of originality in my remark. He looked dreadfully startled. He said, "Oh, by Jove, Mrs. Freiheit, don't be so pessimistic."

"It isn't pessimism," I answered. "Of course life holds a good deal for all

of us, the poorest and richest—but I am hoping for much better things in the next world."

"Oh, that's all very well, but this is life and the other is death you know."

So evidently the young man enjoys himself where he is!

August 18*th.*

Dick Mannerly finds himself very much at home among women. I do not believe it would embarrass him to be the only man at the biggest kind of feminine party.

So I took no trouble to find another man for my dinner. I am glad I didn't for it left him free to wrangle with Edwarda, and it amused me to listen to them. They disagree about everything on earth, besides their opinion of heaven. Dick cannot reconcile himself to Edwarda being a Missionary, a doctor and

a dissenter, nor to the fact that she devotes her life to taking care of these "confounded heathen." At the same time he evidently admires tremendously her good health, her pink cheeks, her curly hair and her whole brisk personality. Even in this damp weather, there is electricity in the air where she is. They look well together, for he is a handsome giant with his dimpled chin, and blue eyes that look, I fancy, far more intelligent than they really are. They can look a good many other things as well, and I wonder whether all her common sense will be proof against his admiration. I doubt if he wants to marry her. To him no doubt with generations of English traditions behind him, her aims seem very plebeian indeed. In some way I must warn her if I can. At present she seems safe enough. She laughs at him and snubs him in a way that I fancy is quite new to him and perhaps part of

her charm. But that cleft chin! Even I—immune—feel its spell.

They both arrived before I was quite ready, and I caught this bit of conversation as I came downstairs.

Dick—"Did you like the flowers I sent you? I had a most confounded time finding them in this hole."

Edwarda—"It was very kind of you, but I really do not care very much for orchids. I sent them to the wards."

Dick—(very eagerly). "What flowers do you like? I'll get anything that grows in this beastly climate. What are your favourites?"

I waited a moment outside the door so that Edwarda might tell him her choice without interruption. She took a long time about it, and my mind was plunging in masses of midsummer flowers, as I supposed hers was. The sweet breath of sweet peas came to me. I smelt heliotrope and honeysuckle, saw

lilies of the valley, drooping their pretty heads, roses without number, and the tiny blue eyes of forget-me-nots; I was quite eager to know what her determined mind had settled upon as her favourite flower. I've never been able to decide that big question for myself, I love them all so much. Then I heard her answer. What do you think it was?

Geraniums!

At dinner we talked of the respective merits of our two countries and Dick was rather severe with America. "Have you ever been there?" said Edwarda, keeping her temper well in hand.

"Rather not," said Dick. "I've taken jolly good care to avoid it. Why, my father travelled there when he was a young man, and he's told me many a time that he could not even get a pair of boots decently blacked!" Edwarda did not answer, and thinking perhaps that he had really wounded our pride by this

painful exposition of our national unfitness, he became magnanimous. He straightened himself a little and smiled in a large generous way. "However—though America has no greater critic than I, she also has no greater friend." Then Edwarda looked up very sweetly and said,

"Does America know?"

Dick had the grace to join a little in my laughter, but I don't think he quite saw where the joke lay.

I sent Edwarda home in the carriage, despite her protest that she could *go alone,* in a stray rickshaw through those teeming Chinese streets, and past the lonely bit of road beyond the native town that leads out to her hospital.

As she left, she put her hands on my shoulders, and tall as I am she looks down on me.

"You look ill, what's the matter with you?"

"Heat," I said.

"Nonsense, it's no hotter than New York. What you need is something to do. You women that lead idle, luxurious, useless lives always get ill for nothing. Come out to the hospital, and I'll give you some work, and show you some real illness."

She is a little bit hard, but perhaps she is right. If I had something to do except think about myself, I might feel better. I'll go out to the hospital as soon as it is cooler.

August 28th.

I've been in bed ten days, sweetest sister. It was only a touch of fever. I am much better.

My bed has been covered with matting, the sheet stretched over it, and at night the mosquito netting drops around it, and inside I have my candle and book, and I have spent fairly comfortable and

independent nights in my little net house. My amah is ill and away, and so Boy has taken care of me, and I am growing into a very grateful affection for him, and his careful silent attention to my wants.

Imagine your butler waiting on you while you were in bed! The idea is dreadful, but this is so different. Boy isn't a man at all, though his name implies the hope that he may some day become one. He is just a moving, intelligent machine, coming and going quietly on those soft padded shoes, a model of silence and discretion, and his blue linen gown and his pigtail give just the touch of femininity which makes the situation comfortable.

September 15th.

Patty love—I have not been able to write for a week or more. Just as I was getting better, the fever got me

again and I have been quite ill; one day shivering and burning up alternately, and the next so weak that I could not lift my head.

The doctor has been very good to me. He is an old resident and does not understand how any one can wish to live anywhere but in Shanghai.

He insists that in time I will come to love it, and that as soon as people come back, I will find life as full, as vivid and interesting as anywhere in the world.

He tells me much good-natured gossip about the inhabitants. He told me too the name of my friend of the English Gardens. "David Jerrold," he said when I described him. "The finest man in China!" Then he went on in staccato sentences. "He's head of Jerrold & Co., oldest tea house in the country. Used to have an international influence in the old days, and still the biggest and solid-

est business in the East. Came to him from his grandfather. He's a widower —wife never was out here—died nearly twenty years ago. Jerry must be nearly forty-five. Don't know why he never married again. Doesn't care very much for women—never knew him to have a flirtation, and Shanghai is a hard place not to flirt in"—the doctor here made a wry face, as though he knew himself something of this particular difficulty. "Cares more about books and that place of his out on the Sicawei Road. Got a wonderful farm out there—and a kitchen garden where he grows everything. Wish you could taste some of his fruit. Jerry is president of the club and head of the municipal council and has a finger in every deal out here." The doctor stopped here and I thought that was all, but he went on in a softer tone, "Jerry has sent many a sick chap home, out of his own pocket—and pulled

many a stranded chap out of a hole. The finest gentleman in China!"

There! wasn't I right about the kind eyes? How he must have loved that wife of his to "care little about women" all these years. Not even a flirtation, in a place where flirtations are so difficult to avoid! And yet she had to die, with all that great love to hold her. Poor, poor woman and poor man. Dr. Mac says Mr. Jerrold has asked for me several times; said he had noticed I wasn't driving and knew I must be ill. So he must have asked and found out who I was.

To-morrow I am to go out for the first time.

September 17th.

Another discomfort has been added to life. For nearly a week past a hurdy-gurdy somewhere near enough to be heard from every room in the house has

been playing from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten. I think I'm wrong about it being a hurdy-gurdy. It's a steam organ I am sure—no human muscles could drive the thing so incessantly. The first two days of it I didn't mind, but I have had no nap since it started, and no way to get beyond its noise until my drive. Boy is much distressed at my discomfort—"Belong Chinese play garden, where pony go all time round," was his answer to my grumbling question. I suppose he means a merry-go-round. I hope some one is finding it merry. I'm not.

September 18th.

Yesterday, dearest, driven out by the merry-go-round's merry music, and hating the idea of the Bubbling Well Road, I went into town at 2.30 the very hottest hour of the day, and tried to amuse

myself by finding a bracelet to replace my old one. The Maloo lay a broad white band of shimmering dusty heat fringed with Chinese shops and Chinese smells. In the middle of the road these last are not overpowering, but draw up close to the sidewalk and they close round you, each it seems, occupying its allotted space before its birthplace, not mingling and permeated, and lost in the pungent smell of opium which is the basic odour of China, but distinct and individual. Once you know the smell of China, you can recognise it, they say, a hundred miles off the coast. Dr. McIntyre says it comes to him as soon as he sees the yellow of the Yangtze water, mingling with the grey of the China Sea. It is better than roses in his nostrils he says. Well, to me it is very nauseating, but I prefer the native end of Shanghai's main thoroughfare to the other end, which tries to look like an

English country lane and is full of horrid thoughts.

There were not even many Chinese out at 2.30 on a broiling day and the Sikh policemen were so surprised to see a foreign lady out at that time, that some of them forgot to salute.

I did not really want a bracelet, but it gave me an excuse to go into Hong Shee's, a big silver shop, where I could spend half an hour of the long afternoon in looking at a great deal of ugly Chinese silver and a few pieces of exquisite jade. Hong Shee, the worst opium smoker in Shanghai, with a face and hands the colour of parchment, waited on me himself. I found a bangle, and ordered for you a gold chain with jade ornaments, queer little figures of impossible beasts, or grotesque faces. If there were much to tempt me I should become wildly extravagant, as a way of spending the time.

As I came out of the shop, there was my friend—I like to call him my friend —standing at the step of the carriage, talking to my mafoo. He turned and spoke to me in the most natural way in the world. "It's madness for you to be out at this hour, Mrs. Freiheit, without even a sun helmet or dark glasses. That parasol is no good at all. Please go home."

"I can't," I answered.

"Why not?" and so I told him about the merry go round. At this he turned to the Mafoo and asked him something in Chinese. The Mafoo answered volubly and in a minute Mr. Jerrold turned to me again and said:

"Will you be patient just one day more, and I'll see what can be done about it?"

Of course I said I would, and so he helped me into the carriage and I came home.

Patty, did you ever hear of such a knight errant? Does he do anything except hunt up people's troubles and try to cure them?

You may think me a fool if you must, but you have no idea how his speaking to me brightened my day. Just those few ordinary words made such a difference. And we have never even been introduced.

It was easy to go home, and to bear with the hurdy-gurdy. And the thought of those grey eyes made it possible to face the Bubbling Well Road bravely, and so at five o'clock I ordered the Mafoo to go out to the resting place. I was anxious to see if the Wild Rose would be there after all these weeks. There she was, sitting her horse with her usual grace. She did not turn her head from our vista, until my carriage stopped and then she turned and smiled a really radiant smile, touched up her horse and

was off. I had the queerest feeling, as though she had been waiting for me all these weeks, and was surprised and relieved to see me again. That's nonsense of course, but anyway, her smile had pleasure in it, and I only hope my answering smile was half as sweet. I must speak to her soon. If only she did not always ride away, as soon as I come.

September 15th.

The music has stopped. I wonder what magic he used?

September 16th.

Your letters by the German mail got to me this morning and all day I have been deep in them. Oh, those children, how my heart and arms ache for them. I shall spend the day to-morrow trying to find something to send them. There are no Chinese toys, apparently Chinese

children do not play, as their Japanese cousins do, for in Japan you can buy an armful of beautiful, perishable, bright-coloured, paper toys for ten sen. Well, if I can buy one, I shall send the boys a Chinese dragon—one of the great coloured pasteboard things, with jointed tails, that it takes a dozen natives to carry at their funerals; and some of the paper money, in long strips of gilt and silver that they use to enrich the souls of the dead. If they really believe, and of course they do, that they can so easily procure wealth in the world to come, I should think it would be a great temptation to the poverty-stricken or financially embarrassed Chinaman to buy himself for two sen a million taels worth of future ease and comfort and promptly go to glory. Perhaps they do. Oh, if only you had a little girl. I would send her bangles of gold or jade, wonderful seed pearl head dresses, studded with coral

disks, and rolls and rolls of satins and brocades. I don't quite know what she would do with them, but you could put them away, and when she was old enough she could dress up in them, as we used to in those old party dresses, that hung in the cedar closet years ago.

September 17th.

Thank you, my dearest, for the pretty handkerchiefs, and for the letter tucked away in their folds. It was clever of you to think of that way of sending it, and yet it made me tremble. I hope you won't do it again, or write another letter that Karl could not see. Don't think I am afraid. I am afraid of nothing, save the ruffling of the comparative peace that has come in these last years. It would anger Karl terribly if he knew that I was writing these long and open letters to you. I keep them locked safely

until I can mail them myself. But your letter was good to get. It was sweet and comforting and just exactly what I expected in answer to my first true letter. I knew you would say, "Come home" and say it insistently and to the exclusion of all else.

But I can't come home—I don't suppose you will understand my reasons. Perhaps they can hardly be called good reasons at all. Perhaps it is only pride that holds me here. I know quite well that I owe Karl no duty, and yet and yet, I am going to stay by him, yes, as far as I can see, forever. I am not going to humiliate him or cheapen him in the eyes of the world by leaving him. This is not generosity, Patty. It's pride; the kind called false I believe, but false or not, it's the only real satisfaction left me. To be generous and accept nothing in return, that is the only triumph I can know, and though there might be a

question as to how much I give, at least there is no doubt that I take nothing, not even the bread I eat, for since the day when Karl explained to me that a woman owed more allegiance to her husband than he to her, because he *supported* her, I have never taken a penny of his money, and every month I have one moment of perfect satisfaction when I sign and send to the office my check for exactly one half of the month's expense. It takes about a third of my income, and no other means of spending it could I possibly find, that would afford me this one moment of real contentment. Now, dear, never again ask me to go home. Some day when Karl takes a holiday I shall go with him, until then I must stay.

September 20th.

Patty—what you think I am sniffing and snuffing at, as I write? A big bowl

of honeysuckle. It came to me to-day, a basket of it, without a name or message, and I don't know who sent it. Mr. Jerrold perhaps—at any rate let me tell you why it makes me feel a little foolish, in spite of its delicious perfume and the memories it calls up. Yesterday at a certain point of the Bubbling Well Road we found a gang of coolies at work, mending some of its many holes, and the mafoo made a detour, down a little lane, where I had never driven before, and which for a hundred yards or so skirted a high stucco wall, behind which were tall trees, and I fancy the house of some rich Chinaman. Hanging over this wall at its furthest end were long trails of honeysuckle, and at the risk of being seen, arrested and imprisoned, I got out and picked some. Indeed, I picked a goodly lot, and I buried my face in it, and closed my eyes, and in shutting out

the light, China no longer existed, and I was back again in the days of our childhood, playing on the wooden seat around the old apple tree, where the honeysuckle smothered seat and tree, and its perfume sweetened our play. I heard the distant roar of the ocean, beating on the New Hampshire shore. I heard the cows mooing, and could see old Michael, and hear the clink of tin pails as he went to milk them. I heard bees buzzing and I heard you laugh, your high sweet trill of childish joy. When at last I raised my face and opened my eyes, we were back on the Bubbling Well Road, and I had been smelling a handful of honeysuckle with my eyes shut, quite publicly for about half a mile.

And this morning a basket of it—who from? Boy says the Chinese call it gold and silver flower.

September 29th.

The heat has really broken, and for the first time there is real freshness in the air. I have no news; nothing has happened. I have seen no one, spoken to no one. Karl and I do speak occasionally at dinner, but it can hardly be called conversation, and I have for refreshment of my soul just two smiles a day. My daily drive is coming to be a pleasure rather than the pain it used to be. Red and tan liveries seem powerless to hurt me, after I have smiled back into those grave kind eyes, that meet me always either coming or going on my drive. And in the wistful fleeting glance of little Wild Rose I find something so appealing that it warms my solitary heart through and through. Unlike the protecting look which the grey eyes seem to have, the blue eyes of this fair-haired girl seem to be asking for help.

I suppose it sounds to you rather foolish to be reading so much meaning into the glances of two perfect strangers, but that is the compensation for being so much alone. One begins to make a world for oneself and people it as it suits one.

October 6th.

Oh, it has been deliciously cool to-day and last night I slept under a double blanket.

I must begin to think of some warm clothes. Oh, for your help and a fashion book or two.

October 9th.

Dr. McIntyre has asked me to dinner and I have said yes, surely for myself, provisionally for Karl, who knows no law save his own inclination. Fortunately in this land of many men and few women, it doesn't much matter. There

are always too many men anyway, and so if at the last moment I send a chit to say that Mr. Freiheit can't come, nobody cares. You know what a chit book is, don't you? It's the little blank book that the coolie carries with the note, and in which the recipient puts either his initials, or a brief answer. My old Japanese chit book is full of such entries as these.

Mrs. Colvin Jones—a note—Answer—So very sorry he can't come but come yourself.

Mrs. Hazard-Hazard. A note. Answer—So sorry! don't fail us yourself.

I have a new chit book here. My old one was not quite full, but I did not want to send it, with its past history of innumerable "sorrys" all over Shanghai. And here I must tell you that there is no code of honour which prevents your running through the pages of your neighbour's chit book, as you ponder

your answer. How else indeed would you know who had been invited to the dinner you are thinking of accepting? How else can you find out whether your invitation is dated a day or two later than the others, showing that you were asked to "fill in" in which case of course a proper pride forces you to decline? Even honour must have its basis in reason.

I have been looking back through the pages of my old Japanese book. Just at random here are some answers.

"Will call as soon as possible."

That's from the doctor.

"A thousand apologies—will arrange it at once."

That's from the English Consul, and I don't remember at all what it was that he was apologising and arranging for.

And here is another.

"You bet your sweet life I will."

You won't have much difficulty in

guessing that that was from the American Consul.

And then there are hundreds in Karl's writing, which say, "No, dining at the club."

It's almost a little life history in itself. I remember that Mrs. Colvin Jones' pages were almost entirely filled with the name of the English Consul. That friendship was what is known as an "affair" and of such long standing that it had taken on the semblance and respectability of marriage. To have asked one of them to dinner without the other, would have been to insult them both.

Mrs. Hazard-Hazard, on the other hand, one of whose seven children had always just swallowed a button, or been bitten by a centipede, had a book quite immodestly filled with the name of the doctor. If only the questions as well as the answers had been given it would

have made a fairly complete nursery guide.

Now, I must see what can be worn at the doctor's dinner next week.

October 10th.

Boy brought me a tailor this morning. He was a very grand personage, dressed in dark blue brocade, and to my untrained eye he might have been a mandarin. I felt uncomfortable in asking him to do anything so trivial as to take a few reefs in an old evening gown.

Everything has got so big for me; no, I mean, I have got so small for everything, that a good deal of altering is necessary. I put on an old blue crêpe and then sent for the tailor, and standing before the glass I told him what I wanted done and held out to him some pins. He stood with much majesty beside me, fanning himself with a little

black fan, and disdained my pins, and taking a pinch of blue crêpe between his finger and thumb at my waist line and another pinch at my hips said, "Wanchee take out about two inch. My see. Can do."

Then he bowed himself out, and my blue crêpe neatly folded was entrusted to his care.

Can any one contend after that that the foreigner does not trust the native?

Wild Rose looked quite ill to-day, and her eyes were very sad. I tried again to speak to her, but she cantered off.

October 17th.

I went to the Doctor's dinner alone. As Karl was not home by half-past seven, I sent my invariable note of apology, and followed it in ten minutes' time, wearing my blue crêpe which fits perfectly. With an eye like that pinless

tailor's, a man could make his mark in a dozen professions, from painting to pitching on a baseball nine.

Mrs. McIntyre is just back from Japan. She spent the summer in Myanoshita. She is a dear Scotch body—as great a gossip as her husband and of the same good-natured type.

She had brought back with her innumerable carved wooden frames—lacquer boxes and painted gauze fans—for all this trumpery Japanese stuff I have a great abomination. I was looking at them with her, trying to say something polite about them when in came my friend of the grey eyes, and, Patty dear, old and staid as I am, my heart gave a great jump at the sight of him. Mrs. McIntyre started forward to introduce him, but he held out his hand so nicely to me and said, "Oh, Mrs. Freiheit and I are old friends," and gave my hand a firm shake.

My dear—it's ridiculous I know, but I was happy from that moment, and I forgot the nasty little Japanese curios, and thought of nothing but the sound of his voice.

There were no other guests except two English globe trotters, who had crossed on Mrs. McIntyre's steamer from Nagasaki.

Their talk was all of Japan and its delights. The doctor and his wife joined in their enthusiasm and they all insisted on envying me because I lived there nearly seven years. They must have felt the half heartedness of my response, for they appealed to Mr. Jerrold for sympathy, and of course I expected to hear more eulogies, but he only said, "No, I'm not very keen on Japan, it's a trifling sort of country."

Patty, I could have hugged him then and there.

While the others were talking he

turned to me and asked if I was fond of reading. I said yes, and told him the names of some books I had just finished. His smile as he answered was so sweet that it took from the words the slight harshness they might otherwise have had.

"I didn't mean novels," he said, "I meant real reading."

"But, aren't novels reading?" I asked.

"The good ones are," he said. "The very best of reading—but then the good ones are so pitiably few."

Then I told him that I had no books and got what I could from the circulating library, and he promised to send me some of his own.

Have I told you how he looks, this friend of mine? Not handsome—not in the least—his features are too rugged and too spare for beauty. His face has strength and kindness and deep lines that I think sorrow has put there. The

shape of his head is good and his hair is thin and very shiny and looks as though it had been almost brushed away.

He is tall and stoops a little, but I think it is the stoop that comes from much thinking, for he is full of vigour and decision in all his movements. It isn't the stoop of age.

His hands are beautiful—long and strong. The hands of a scholar you would say, if you didn't know him to be a business man. But it is his voice that has the greatest charm for me, so deep and yet so clear that I heard it all through dinner no matter who else was talking. I thanked him for stopping the hurdy-gurdy, and he said that it was nothing—his duty merely as head of the municipal council to see that it was taken where it would not annoy any one. The doctor told me later, that Mr. Jerrold had given to the owners, free of

rent, a piece of land which belongs to him far out on the Zinza Road, as the quickest means of getting them to move.

Thank heaven, I did not thank him for the honeysuckle, for he did not send it. I mentioned honeysuckle casually and he said he had not seen any for a long time. Had forgotten what it looked like.

And we did not speak of the English Garden, nor of typhoons, nor of tears, nor of occupation. But I thought constantly of that day. I wonder if he did.

October 20th.

Oh, thank you, dearest, for your wonderful letters. Oh, Patty, if you knew what it means to me to get such happy letters. It makes life seem so cheerful a thing that to-day I am actually gay and light hearted and ready to sing! I shut

my eyes and there I am among you all, having tea with you on the lawn, in the shadow of the yew hedge. The children are begging for cake, and while you say "No" I surreptitiously slip bits of icing into their mouths. You see I must win their love quickly, for I am there such a minute of time. I kiss their curls and their soft little necks and something in me that hurts is comforted. After all they are nearly mine. And then they hear their father coming and scamper off to meet him, and come back, each dragging him by a hand, and you go to meet them, and kiss him, and ask if he is very tired and brush a little dust from his coat, and just here I had to open my eyes and I was back in China again your letters in my hand, but oh, so much better for that little visit. It was so real to me, that I have just caught myself hoping that the icing wouldn't make the children ill!

October 25th.

I can only write a few lines, for the mail goes to-night. No news, not a line of news, but the season has begun, almost every one is back for the winter, and I have been receiving and returning calls, and answering dinner invitations. How I wish I could refuse them all. How I hate to begin in this new place that old practice of sending Karl's apologies at the last minute.

I am just in from my drive and have had my two smiles. The weather is beautiful now. Clear with a blue mist in the distance and my vista has taken on a real violet tone, and the Wild Rose and I love it dearly. She was pale to-day, almost a white rose. I saw Edwarda and Dick stride self-engrossedly past the Bubbling Well. She looks as brisk, as self-possessed, as confident as ever. But that cleft chin was not given him for nothing. Well, we shall see.

Good-bye, my dear one. My arms are around you and the children.

CAROLA.

November 1st.

I am sick at heart, Patty dear—sick at heart and very nearly literally sick too. Disturbed and distressed, disgusted and degraded. Besides, I am sad too—because one of the small pleasures of life has been taken from me. A horrid chattering drive with Mrs. McIntyre is the cause of it all; but of course I must have learnt the truth from some one in time. I have told you that Mrs. McIntyre is a harmless gossip, much interested in her neighbours, and without, I do believe, a malicious thought in her mind. As we passed carriage after carriage, she nodded and smiled and would then give me a snap-shot history of its

occupants. Even when we passed one of those gorgeous equipages that I have told you about, she said quite unconcernedly:

"Those people have changed their liveries. They used to be brown and salmon."

I said nothing. I didn't know any one ever mentioned "those people." Then as we came in sight of the resting place I saw Wild Rose's slender back and cream-coloured pony ahead of us, and pointed her out, glad that at last I should know who she was. Oh, Patty dear, she is one of them. One of "those people" and who of all men should she belong to but Dick Mannerly.

Oh, this hideous world, how I loathe it. I wish I could shut my eyes and ears and never open them again; at least not in this dreadful land, where such things are, and I must know them.

Mrs. McIntyre was surprised that I should not know all about it. Every one does.

This girl, an American, who had been an actress, came here three years ago with a Russian Prince who deserted her, and she went to Mannerly. She lives in a house, over near the French quarter, a new, shambling, untidy part of the settlement, inhabited by Portuguese, and shop keepers, and the poor white trash of this Shanghai world.

And to think that I thought her sweet, have grown to look for her smile, to feel glad when she seemed bright, and sad for her when she seemed sad.

Oh, Patty, I am crying—I loved her beauty. I loved the droop of her pretty mouth, the exquisite curve from her shoulder to her hip, and the misty blue of her eyes. I was sure she had a soul, and that when I came to know her we would have much to talk about, and now!

Well, that's over. An illusion gone and no doubt it's my own fault, for being, as Karl says, "so damned sympathetic and emotional." More and more I see that it doesn't do to give my affections the least leeway. Better be a wooden woman, than suffer such repulsion as I am suffering now.

Probably it is my duty to warn Edwarda, or to prepare her for what may be a shock to her some day.

Well, I won't. Surely she is strong enough and self-confident enough to take care of herself, and it's no business of mine anyway.

As the girl, whose name Mrs. McIntyre says, is Nanette Ward, cantered past us, she averted her head and I was thankful for that. Mrs. McIntyre said quite calmly, the doctor's wife in her coming to the fore, "Mannerly ought to send her away for a bit. She's looking very seedy."

"Does Dr. McIntyre look after her?" I managed to blurt out.

"Mercy no—he wouldn't go near such a woman—a young Parsee doctor looks after the lot of them."

November 2nd.

I can't write to-day, dearest. I don't feel like it. I was getting better and quite cheerful, and then yesterday's drive brought up all that old circle of ideas. The hateful thoughts about those people, the exasperating, half-formed, bitter jealousy of them. Not for myself, but for my kind. I'm not going to drive to-day. I can't face them all.

November 4th.

Nothing, dearest.

November 8th.

Still nothing. Oh, if I could just hug the children for one minute.

November 15th.

My dear, I determined not to write again until I should have something to say. Yesterday I had no hope that that would be before Christmas. When I woke this morning, I looked forward to as blank and empty a day as any I have spent in the last few years. As far as I knew there were before me only such boring restless hours as any that I have tried to fill week after week with trifling interests. Well, marvels of marvels. I have had a most entrancing day. I got up early this morning, dressed and went to my housekeeping. It consisted of telling the cook that there would be no one for dinner and to have anything he liked. As I was going over yesterday's account to see that he had not squeezed us more than a fair amount, in came Edwarda, brisk, red cheeked, and compelling.

"You probably hate to be routed out

in the morning," she said, "but you must come. I had to come into town for something we needed at the hospital and I'm going to take you back with me. Surely it's cool enough now. Get your things on and I'll order the carriage," and with that she rang the bell, gave the order for the carriage to come at once, then sat down and drew a bit of knitting from her pocket. It is her laudable but very irritating boast that she never wastes time.

There is no gainsaying such methods as those and I was soon ready, indeed I hurried with hat, gloves, and veil, with a feeling I have not had since Mademoiselle used to call to us "Depechez Mesdemoiselles, depechez." Perhaps that air of command is part of her charm for Mannerly. Perhaps he likes to be bossed. Weak people generally do.

We didn't mention Mannerly's name and I was glad. I could not have

brought myself to speak of him without effort. We drove through endless slums and Edwarda seemed unconscious of the vile sights and vile smells, though she said some scathing things about Chinese ignorance of the first principles of cleanliness and sanitation. I can't tell you how funny her attitude toward China is. She is quite contemptuous of its age, its learning, its traditions and its art. I feel differently about it—dislike the life here as I must, still China—vast unknowable China, full of great overcrowded cities teeming with life, of barren plains, of unscaled mountains, of rivers whose source it would take months and months to reach—great silent vague China fills me with awe. I never cease to marvel either at her age—her literature (the best of it written before the days of Christ) or most wonderful of all her unchanging face. Everything here, Patty, is as it was centuries

ago. When I see a Chinese cobbler cobbling a shoe, I know that when America was peopled with savages, a Chinese shoe was exactly as it is now, and if we could see a cobbler of that day, we would see the same methods, same tools, same materials, and same combination of colour. And more than that, probably the cobbler's thoughts are very much the same to-day as they were then. I said this to Edwarda as she drove out, and told her of the curious appeal it makes to my imagination to realise that as far as appearances go, we might in these Chinese streets be living in the reign of Kubla Kahn. Think of that, and then think how many times the style and methods of making shoes have changed in our lands since then, for Kubla Kahn lived about the time of Henry IV (I've been reading some Chinese history lent me by Mr. Jerrold). Think of the buskin shoe of that day and then think of our

shoes to-day, of our Walkenphasts, and our Sorosis. Think of our high shoes and low shoes, our oxford ties, our Gibsons, our French heels and Spanish heels (you see I read the American advertisements). Think of the factories where they are made, the noise, the fatigue, the hum of machinery, the factory problems, the clash of Capital and Labour and then come back and look at my Chinese cobbler—cobbling in the sun with the quietest industry in the world as his father and hundreds of great grandfathers have done before him. Truly doesn't it give you an immense awe of the restraint of China? "Bah," said Edwarda, "it's time they woke up."

After leaving the slums we came to an open country road, wandering apparently quite aimlessly through fields dotted with Chinese graves and of harvested cotton.

Just outside the hospital compound is

a little pond in which some ducks were swimming, and really, Patty, that's the most homelike sight I've seen in seven years.

The hospital is a collection of ugly stucco buildings held together by a high stucco wall—but after half an hour in the company of the busy women in it, you forget its ugliness, and even the white walls and stone floors and rows of cheap iron beds begin to look homelike and inviting. Edwarda pushed me as we entered toward a fine-looking woman of fifty or so, whose kind deep-set eyes twinkled behind glasses.

"Dr. Simmonds," she said, "I've brought Mrs. Freiheit out. She's a lazy, luxurious woman, with plenty of time and money, and she ought to help us."

It was hardly a flattering introduction, and I think Dr. Simmonds felt its

tactlessness more than I did, for she put her hand on my shoulder and said—

"My dear, we want your sympathy, that's all. Come and see some of our patients."

She was making her first round of the day, having already that morning amputated a girl's foot, and brought a baby into the world.

Oh, Patty, I never spent such a morning. We went from bed to bed, the patients being all women, of course, and their stolid faces lighted up, and they groaned and smiled as the case might be, and told their symptoms, while Dr. Simmonds held their wrists, and read their charts and patted their shoulders just as if they had been white and Christian. And then we went into the maternity ward, and I held that tiny new born thing, that was tied up like a bundle in a wadded square of red and

yellow calico. I kissed its little yellow wrinkled cheek, and it felt just like a flower beneath my lips. Oh, Patty, you can't know how I felt toward it. I seemed to hear still the fluttering wings of the angels who had brought it.

I asked about the mother and found that she was very, very poor, and in disgrace as well, for this was her fourth girl and she has no boys. Dr. Simmonds let me send her some money, which she said might help the fate of the new baby.

Another patient, a girl of seventeen, may die. Ah Fu is her name, and she has run away from her husband, and was found dying of starvation and exhaustion about ten miles from here. A Chinese Samaritan brought her in, but it may be too late, for she had eaten nothing but roots and grasses for two weeks. She has spoken very little, but Dr. Simmonds has gathered part of her

story. She is a third wife and without children (a terrible disgrace, but not, I should think, irrevocable at seventeen) and such get little kindness in a Chinese household, especially if the first wife and mother-in-law have ugly tempers. They fear at the hospital that the family may find her, for it is unwise to antagonise the natives and violate their sense of justice. Poor Ah Fu.

The best of my day was the lunch hour. It seems that the sick mothers may bring their older children, boys or girls, and they are fed, amused and taken care of by the Chinese helpers. To-day the wards were very full, some of the helpers were away, and no one to feed these tiny ones their bowls of rice and boiled cabbage. I volunteered, and oh, what a time I had. At first they were very shy, but soon the bigger ones began to eat stolidly and very noisily with chop sticks, while I fed the tiny

ones with a spoon. The boys were dressed in straight frocks of bright colours, with black satin caps on their heads, from which protruded little stiff embryo pigtails, and the little girls wore coloured ribbon in their double braids and bangles on their fat brown wrists.

Oh, funny little moon-faced things, what were you born for? Is it possible that God has planned a destiny for you all and that even the little superfluous girl born this morning has a place in the scheme?

After lunch, which I took with the staff, a good lunch, served in a simple New England fashion (I wish they knew how they achieved both the atmosphere and the doughnuts) I went up to Edwarda's room. It looks like the room of a college boy. The walls were covered with coloured pennants and sporting posters and her window sill was filled

with pots of bright scarlet geraniums. I suppose Dick sent them. I have been trying to think of a word to describe Edwarda. I have found one, and though I don't know whether it can be correctly used to describe a person, it fits Edwarda in my mind exactly.

She is the most succinct person I ever knew.

November 20th.

I have just spent another wonderful, full, busy day at the hospital. They were still short handed, and they let me feed the children, and also a tiny baby whose mother had just died. I longed to adopt it and take it home.

What fun it would be to wash and dress it and take care of it. What funny greedy little mouths they have. Can you picture Karl's face if I took it home!

Ah Fu is a little better. Dr. Sim-

monds thinks that she will live. They are beginning to be worried, for a man came yesterday inquiring for a runaway girl. The wife of the head man of his village. Her name he said was Ah Ching. "No such name on the books," said Dr. Simmonds. Of course Ah Fu may have given a wrong name. Dr. Simmonds says it will avoid complications if they do not ask her.

The man, however, was not satisfied. He was seen again at the gates last evening.

November 25th.

Our first dinner went off well. Karl, who takes an interest in our social début and who, no matter how casual he may be in the matter of other people's dinners, is punctilious as to his own—was home in good time and in good temper. He liked my arrangement of flowers and said I was "undoubtedly clever at that

sort of thing." This was because I had not draped around a heavy silver bowl of Chinese workmanship, a dozen or more yards of cobwebby silk, the invariable Shanghai table arrangement. I was the more determined to shun this particular silk when I learned that it is a Chinese funeral decoration, and I didn't want my dinner to even remotely resemble a funeral. Most of the dinners I have been to here have had just that suggestion. We were twenty in all—I can't remember some of them even now. The women were all English, rather badly dressed, with soft voices, masses of fuzzy fringe and innumerable hoop rings. Why do English women never have anything but hoop rings? I consulted Mrs. McIntyre about precedence. This is an important matter as you know, and guidance is necessary in a new port. She carefully studied my list, and then placed the French Consul

on my right (the French Consul is the victorious and courageous combatant of a dozen duels) and to my great delight, Mr. Jerrold on my left. She gave Karl the wife of the Commissioner of Customs, on his right, and the wife of the Hong Kong Shanghai Bank on his left. (The Bank himself didn't come.) She put herself modestly about midway between us.

The talk was almost entirely of ponies, stocks and the coming races, and if you think for an instant that I mean anything so interesting as the human races, you are mistaken.

My left-hand neighbour was rather quiet. I am beginning to see that this is a habit with him. I had to talk, of course, a good deal to Monsieur Fourchon, and when I could finally turn with much relief to Mr. Jerrold, he said quite simply,

"What is your Christian name?" and

when I told him he repeated it several times.

"Carola Freiheit—what a happy name! With such a name you should sing like a lark," he said; "do you?"

"No," I answered, "I don't fit my name in any way at all." And then, as I felt that sounded rather bitter, a tone which for Karl's sake, and my own pride's sake, perhaps the latter only, I do my best to avoid, I said the first thing that occurred to me.

"Your question had a very Chinese flavour. Would you like to ask my age next?"

"Yes," he said, "what is it?" And when I said twenty-nine, he looked very intently at me for a minute and then said,

"Indeed, I thought you were older." I laughed. I wasn't a bit hurt. His grey eyes looked so kindly into mine, with such evident interest that I don't

care if he thought I was fifty. And then, Patty, he began to talk to me of the books he had lent me, and of others to come. He spoke of Emerson as my countryman, and when I told him that my grandfather had known Emerson, he murmured, "What a privilege—what a privilege!" and just then from the other end of the room I heard a voice saying with much warmth:

"I tell you, on a wet track, Corkscrew doesn't stand a chance."

Oh, Patty, he is different from the others, this friend of mine.

November 26th.

Patty, I am a weak creature. I have always secretly feared it. To-day proves it beyond a doubt. I have avoided the Bubbling Well Road for many days. I have been walking instead usually down on the Bund, and

through the English Gardens. Sometimes I meet Mr. Jerrold and we talk of things that lie beyond these yellow waters.

We ask each other all kinds of thrilling questions.

"What is your religion? What do you believe?" I asked once.

"A little of all religion," he said, "and all of none," and then wanted to know my beliefs.

Sometimes he talks politics and I listen. He believes in a moderate kind of socialism. He hates injustice in all things. The only thing we never talk of is love. And yet I know that love is no negligible thing to him—for once in discussing a book in which a man had set himself a difficult task and had accomplished it, he said—

"You see he was spurred by the strongest motive power in the world. A man's passion for a woman."

I wanted to go back to the Bund today but I had to pay some calls on the Zinza Road, and so perforce we turned in the direction of the sluggish bubbles. I had paid my calls and on the way back, my mafoo, who would not be a Chinaman if he were not a slave to habit, stopped at the resting place and there was Nanette Ward. She was within ten feet of my carriage, on her cream pony, but with a changed and piteous face, and then and there, Patty, some inner door of understanding seemed to open in my brain and I had an insight into that girl's heart and mind. She looked at me, and her eyes were full of shame and anguish. This is the day she has been dreading, the day when I would know the truth and no longer smile at her. She dropped her eyes, and when she lifted them, it was to look out on the little open space to the trees beyond which we have both loved, and her

eyes were full of tears. I could not help watching her. I could not help the sudden rush of pity and remorse that came to me. I understood so clearly the appeal that has always been in her look. I longed for one impulsive moment to jump out to run to her and to hold out my hands. But there it was, the barrier between my kind and hers, and I lacked the courage to cross it. However, I waited for her to look at me again. I knew that she must if neither of us moved, and in a moment she did, and then, my dear, I smiled and nodded to her, and at the sight of her wan surprised look and the gentleness and the timidity of her answering smile, as though she could hardly believe that I was acting in the old friendly way, my eyes, too, filled with tears, and there we sat for a moment more, looking at each other through a mist. Of course it was a ridiculous position. I find it a little

ludicrous as I look back on it now, but I didn't laugh then, no, not even when she pulled a little handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes and blew her nose before she trotted away.

Patty, Patty, isn't it a dreadful world? That girl doesn't belong where she is. I know it. Some misfortune, some great mistake has put her there, and now it is too late. Why should there be this sympathy between us, for there certainly is a bond that links us, no matter how wide the gulf between.

Perhaps in some previous life we were sisters—just as you and I. Perhaps—but what is the good of wondering about it? There it is. I feel nearer to her, more akin to her, than to any woman I have met here, and yet we have never spoken to each other, only looked together at the same poor little view, and smiled in our loneliness and exile.

And between us is that high wall made

of social convention, and the dictates of men, which she may not try to climb, and I will not.

Well, one thing my afternoon has done for me. It has taken much of the bitterness out of that one and only driving place. Had she thrown back her head and stared at me defiantly, as do the others, it would have been different.

As it is I can smile at her again, and I shall go to the Bubbling Well Road sometimes, for the purpose of doing it.

We have had a telephone put in. They are uncommon here in private houses, and just why Karl wants one in the house I don't know.

Probably because it will be easier to telephone than to send a chit.

November 30th.

My child, such an excitement! When I reached the hospital to-day Dr. Sim-

monds took me into her own particular study and shut the door. Her face was very grave and she said she wanted help.

It is about little Ah Fu, the runaway wife, who walked forty weary miles to escape sufferings, which must have been unthinkable to cause a Chinawoman to revolt.

She is almost well now, and must soon leave the hospital, and how to get her away and where to take her is the problem. They feel quite sure at the hospital that her family have a suspicion of her whereabouts, for a man thought to be either her husband or her brother-in-law has stationed himself for the past week at the hospital gate, and when he leaves it he posts another man in his place. He will not tell his business to the gate man, but says he is *waiting*. Patience is the Chinaman's long suit, and there he may stay a month or a

year. There is only this one gate out of the compound which is enclosed in a ten-foot stucco wall, and through this gate Ah Fu must pass, or else climb the wall, the thought of which made Dr. Simmonds smile. Fortunately, Ah Fu has natural feet—had she not had she could never have escaped. So you see that "golden lilies" as the Chinese call the poor little maimed members, are a wise barbarity as well as a grace, from the Chinaman's standpoint.

All this Dr. Simmonds and I talked over, and finally I proposed that Ah Fu come to me as an amah. My old fat amah left me a week ago, and I have not got another, and although it is usually customary for the "boy" to supply the household servants, still it is not an unheard of thing for one foreign woman to recommend an amah to another. I can pretend that I have got Ah Fu through a friend. Dr. Sim-

monds was so grateful—and the only trouble now is to get her through the gate without the knowledge of the man who *waits*. We have decided that I shall wait for the first rainy day, so that I can bring the brougham and that I shall take her away with me. How I am to conceal from the servants where she comes from I don't know. There are no cabs for hire in Shanghai—or we might change from one to another as they do in detective tales. I shall think it out carefully and arrange some plan. Help I must, for much hangs on it. The hospital might lose the confidence of the neighbourhood if it became known that they had harboured and wilfully concealed a runaway wife. There is no sympathy extended to that class of criminal. You can easily see that all the wives would be running away if it were made easy, and for the doctors to go counter to the Chinese sense of jus-

tice might bring them into all kinds of trouble.

It's easy for missionaries to incur suspicion in China (why, I myself, have doubted their sincerity) and many a man has had to flee for his life, or lose it, on the mere suspicion of having eaten Chinese babies!

December 2nd.

We dined last night with the Commissioner of Customs. I had the happiness of sitting next to Mr. Jerrold and I told him all my difficulty about Ah Fu.

He looked very grave indeed and warned me at once to talk in a way that the Chinese boys, moving like blue-robed ghosts behind us, could not understand. It is so hard for me to consider them at all, to remember that they are anything but well-trained, placid servants. Mr. Jerrold and Dr. Simmonds seem never to forget that they are very hu-

man and they credit them with a curiosity as great as our own.

"Be careful," he said; "within a foot of you may be the open ears of the lady's husband's cousin."

Then he went on to urge me to have nothing to do with the matter, saying that I was in no way responsible, but after I had told him again that I must help Dr. Simmonds and that I had determined to make it impossible for Ah Fu to be taken back to her suffering he looked very quietly at me for a few seconds and then said he would help me. After dinner, while I was sitting at the piano, he came to me again. We could talk much more freely for there were no listeners. Again he said he thought it would be better to leave Ah Fu's destiny alone.

"It's a serious, sometimes even a dangerous thing, to meddle in a Chinaman's affairs," he said; "we don't know who

Ah Fu is. From the fact that she is being so persistently watched, I feel sure she is the wife of a man of property and possibly influence. She may even be a petty Mandarin's wife, with heaven knows what affiliations with our own Shanghai merchants. You don't want to involve your husband or his business in any unpleasantness."

As he spoke of Karl, I looked over at him, where he stood smoking by the mantelpiece, very evidently bored. I suppose he was wondering how soon I would make a move, so that he could be off to the club, or to whatever amusement he had planned for himself after the boredom of a dinner party. He looked very handsome, the fire lighting up his profile, which is like some wonderful cameo in the beauty of its lines.

What a delight his face used to be to my eyes until—Quite suddenly, I found myself very angry—I couldn't help it.

I turned back to those kind grey eyes that were looking rather stern and obstinate and I said, much more vehemently than I wanted to—

"I'm going to save her—even if she's only a Chinawoman. I am going to give her quiet and peace. I am going to show her that there is kindness in the world, and that a woman isn't a hunted beast for men to trap and torture. I don't care what the risk is—I am going to give that woman a taste of freedom!"

I wish I had said it more quietly. Why couldn't I have just argued it out on humanitarian grounds like any other philanthropic project?

I'm afraid my voice sounded like the cry of a hurt woman who longed to cure somebody else's hurt, because she couldn't cure her own.

I don't know what it is. I cannot act with him as I do with others. The barriers have a way of falling down with-

out warning. My pride seems to dissolve when he looks at me; I have the feeling of wanting to complain.

December 10th.

Ah Fu's fate has been decided by the Gods—the Gods being Mr. Jerrold and your sister, and now that it is all over, and she is safely on her way to Japan. I must tell you about it, my dearest.

It has been no easy thing to accomplish.

Without Mr. Jerrold's help I should have been quite powerless to save her, and as it was I don't know how near we came to failing. If I were not glad for Ah Fu's sake, I should still be thankful for my own, that her affairs seemed to require my meddling fingers, for, Patty dear, it has brought me near, and I have looked deep into the kindest and most generous heart in the world.

As I sat here thinking before I began this letter, I realised that it is not every sister to whom another could write the very inside of her mind.

So many would misunderstand, or worse than that, would not believe. But between you and me there is our compact of truth; so you know that I am showing you every nook and cranny of my heart; and that there exists nothing in these nooks and crannies that I do not tell you of. I have seen much of Mr. Jerrold in this affair of Ah Fu. It has been a bothersome thing to arrange, and all the planning even to the smallest detail has been his.

He is so good, so good and so clear headed. I don't know which quality I love him most for.

There, that is the word I am afraid you will jump at, and tremble over, and hope is a mistake on my part and meant for "like." But it is not a mistake. I

do love him, but not in a way you need fear. He is my friend, and I never knew the value of that word before.

It isn't heart love, Patty, it's head love.

I can't say *like* about a man to whom I feel such gratitude, such warmth, such real affection as I do toward him.

Remember, I am not a baby! I am twenty-nine, and I have seen a good deal of men, and women and the world; and I know a great deal, far more than I want to remember now, about love. I know, too, that often when we think ourselves most wise, we are really most foolish, and so I have tried to look squarely and like an outsider at this feeling of mine for David Jerrold—and this is what I find. I admire him with all my mind. I like to be with him. I love to hear him talk. It seems to me that he knows everything—but there isn't a heart throb in it all.

Did I not know so very well what the other love is, I wouldn't be so sure; but a woman who has lived five glorious months, when the sound of a voice, or the fall of a foot, could send all the blood to her heart, is in no danger of making a mistake. What he feels towards me, I don't know. I think it is a mixture of pity and kindness. He treats me sometimes with a humorous gentleness and sometimes with a seriousness that is almost stern. It is quite impossible for me to act when I am with him. My rôle of normally happy wife drops from me in the most unexpected ways. I have never said to him one direct word about my life, but I know that he guesses, though I have no idea how much. I think he feels an almost fatherly feeling for me—there is nearly twenty years' difference in our ages—and oh, I can't explain any more. I must just say in plain English—there

isn't any man and woman feeling between us.

Well, dear, I have never come quite so near to excitement and a sense of danger and mystery as I did during these three days when we abducted Ah Fu.

Without Mr. Jerrold's grave view of the thing I should have thought very little about it. I would have gone about it much too openly, and landed myself perhaps, and certainly Karl, in some kind of unpleasantness. Even as it is, it is uncomfortable to know that the servants may suspect some kind of mystery, but Mr. Jerrold says, what they suspect isn't important—it's what they know that might do damage and I don't think they know anything.

On Tuesday I went to the hospital and told them that our plans were made and that on the next day I would come for Ah Fu. Now that the poor thing is up

and about, she is a wan looking creature indeed, with a face almost as expressionless as the rest of her race. Perhaps when she gets really strong some animation may come back to her. There must be character beneath her stolid looks for it meant both courage and intelligence to do what she did. I took a general survey of her figure, for she was to make her escape in my clothes, and I wanted to know what to bring.

Does it not seem ridiculous? I could not take her directly to my house from the hospital in either native or foreign dress, and some place where she could change back into her own clothes had to be found. Mr. Jerrold found the place, as he seems to find everything I need quite easily, and arranged with Tom Brooks who lives in a bungalow off the Maloo, and is looked after by one servant only, because he dislikes

the natives, to let us stop there as though to tea, and send his servant off on some errand.

I took Ah Fu straight there from the Hospital, and dismissed my carriage, and Mr. Jerrold came for us in his and took us home. Tom Brooks was of course in the secret—no one else was to know of it. If any one saw two foreign ladies go into a bachelor's house, and one foreign lady and one native woman come out, it certainly may have looked queer but I think the darkness covered our exit, and no one I suppose bothers much about what happens in bachelor houses anyway. Had we been able to find some woman's house to go to, it would have been better, but every woman of our acquaintance has a household of at least a dozen servants. I wish you could have been with me when we dressed Ah Fu. Dr. Simmonds and I superintended the job, and quite often we had to

stop and sit on the floor and rock to and fro in our merriment. Ah Fu didn't mind our laughing in the least, and indeed when I think how unreservedly and completely she gave herself into our hands I find something more pathetic than funny about it. We were rather sketchy about the undergarments—stockings and shoes were essential, but Ah Fu's form was not designed for my armour, and so they (the armour) were discarded altogether, and under my long ulster it didn't matter, although my old rain skirt and an old silk blouse bulged and sagged underneath in a dreadful manner.

Her hair we did as we could; such straight, coarse, unmanageable hair. It took packages of hairpins to hold it all. As I approached Ah Fu with a hat pin, I saw something that was almost dismay in her eyes, but only for a moment,

and I think had it been a carving knife, and I had made a pass at her head with it she would have showed no more emotion than that briefly dismayed glance. We put a heavy green veil over her face and pulled a pair of gloves on her slim yellow hands. Beautiful hands they are, with long almond-shaped nails. Almost all Orientals have these lovely hands and arms. No matter how round and heavy their faces, nor how squat their bodies, their hands are modelled on delicate lines. I think the Creator when he invented the type, made the head first and then so regretted its ugliness, that he added the slender hands as a compensation. I never forget the rows and rows of pretty hands and arms that pick the stems from the tea leaves in the big tea gardens in Japan. What wrist movement; it reminded me of a pair of hum-

ming birds darting their little heads unerringly in and out of a mass of honey flowers.

Well, her hands covered, there was my automaton, with whom I could not exchange a syllable, ready to walk out with me into the unknown. Of course it had been explained to her by Dr. Simmonds, who speaks a dozen Chinese dialects, that I would take care of her; that she was to do just as I said (if she could by any chance guess what it was) and that when we got to my house, she was to learn from my boy the duties of amah. I had told the boy that I was expecting that afternoon an untrained amah, who had been recommended to me. Ah Fu, we knew, could be trusted to give an account of herself which would not endanger her safety. Her name we knew was fictitious, and her prevarications, as Dr. Simmonds said, however at variance with Christian teaching, were absolutely

necessary. Dr. Simmonds is always a woman first and a missionary afterwards. Edwarda, on the contrary, when she learned that Ah Fu's escape was by means of lies and subterfuge washed her hands of the whole affair, for which I was very thankful. Edwarda's talents lie in the operating room, not in the sick room.

We passed the gates and through a little knot of Chinamen, without incident. Ah Fu crouching back as far as she could in her corner. It is needless to say that we drove in silence. Once, feeling how alone and frightened she must be, I took her hand and patted it. She left it apathetically in mine, but perhaps she felt some comfort from my dumb show of sympathy.

Tom Brooks himself opened his door for us, as we had arranged, and Ah Fu who had her bundle of clothes under my ulster was quickly back again in her

proper shape and my clothes wrapped in a small bundle I carried under the ulster which I put on.

Truly I think I would have made a splendid conspirator. We did not wait long for Mr. Jerrold, and were soon squeezed tight into his brougham, I sitting in the middle. Now that the fatal step has been taken he talks no more of danger and unpleasantness, but laughs at me and calls me "Mrs. Philanthropy." I enjoyed the short dark half hour of our drive home. There was a sense of satisfaction in having accomplished my end, and besides that the sense of security and peace that I always have in his presence. He dropped us at our compound gate, thinking it better not to come in, and I sent Ah Fu round to the back door. After seeing from a distance that she was safely inside, I rang my own bell and entered as though I had walked home, as I often do.

I assigned Ah Fu a room in our part of the house, and I think now it was a mistake, and may have roused the curiosity and antagonism of the other servants; but I could not send her into the servants' quarters to which many Chinese have access every day.

Next day I gave her some mending to do, which she did earnestly but abominably, and I began to feel that in return for my pains I was to have a very unskilful amah. For two days all was quiet, but the third morning, as soon as she came into my room I saw that she was in distress. Her stolid face was drawn and she had a hunted look in her round black eyes.

Of course I could not ask Boy to interpret her trouble—so again I could only pat her hand and run to the telephone and ask Dr. Simmonds to come to our aid. She came to lunch and once in my room with the door shut, Ah Fu poured

forth a torrent of guttural sounds, which all meant that in peeking through the curtains of her room she had seen her brother-in-law at our gate seated on a stool *waiting*. He was probably waiting to question the servants, and as they would be unable to give him any clear account of the only female servant in the house, his suspicions would be confirmed, or perhaps he would wait until he had caught a glimpse of her, and the idea of having him there as long as I kept Ah Fu housed, possibly all winter, was very unpleasant. It was a dilemma, and I had but one idea, and that was to ask Mr. Jerrold's advice and help again. I could not telephone him the circumstances, so I wrote it all out hurriedly, and sent it off by a coolie, and in half an hour he rang me up.

Well, as a conspirator, I am obliged to give him first place! In just a few minutes he had decided on his plan. He

asked me what we were doing that evening and finding that Karl was going to a stag dinner at the German Consulate—said he had a box for some private theatricals and asked if I and the lady staying with me would give him the pleasure of our company. He asked us to be ready and waiting in the lower hall at 8.30 and that he would call for us. He said that as my friend seemed to have rather a cold he thought it would be well for her to wrap up, as it was going to be a damp night; he asked if she had a warm ulster, she could wear, and I said she had. It was all he dared to say, he told me afterwards, to show that he wanted Ah Fu in foreign clothes, for he was talking in an office surrounded by both Chinese and English clerks. He told me also to ask Edwarda, whom I didn't want in the least, to join us at the theatre; of course we had to have some one else. It gave me

just a little pang to think that perhaps he admires her, but I don't believe he does after all.

At eight thirty we stood ready in the dimly lighted hall. Ah Fu again in her ridiculous foreign outfit, looking like a little girl dressed for a charade. Her own bundle of clothes she clasped tightly under her coat as before; and some money I had given her was tucked away in some inner pocket or contrivance of her own Chinese undergarments. As we waited there she looked so wan and white that I made her sit down, and she drooped on the edge of a big carved chair with about as much shape and purpose as a half-filled laundry bag, ready for the wash. I would have given any one of my possessions to have been able to speak to her in her own dreadful tongue. I can't tell you how piteous and ridiculous she looked—starting again into the unknown, in her bundle of ill-fitting

clothes. When I heard the carriage drive into the compound, I didn't wait for a ring at the door, but opened it myself, and drew Ah Fu out with me, and hurried her into the brougham. Mr. Jerrold said not a word until we were out of the Bubbling Well Road, and then he said—

"You are a clever little philanthropist; that's just what I hoped you would do —not let your Boy come to the door."

"I'm learning from you," I said; "please tell us where we are going."

"To Japan," he answered.

"What, all of us?" I asked, and he laughed and then he sighed and said:

"No, I wish we were. You and I are just going to the dock, to see this lady safely on board the tug, which is to take her to the *Arabic,* whose Captain is a friend of mine, and who will see her safely into the hands of some missionaries he knows in Kobe. There she will

stay until you have further planned her destiny. If I might offer a little advice on so important a subject, I should let them send her to school in Japan, convert her to Christianity, if they see fit, and if possible into a self-supporting member of society. There are some good Missionary schools in Japan and they are always glad of raw material. But it may be that you have planned a more brilliant future for her."

He loves to tease me, and he has every right to, for it was I who insisted on rescuing her, much against his advice; and it was he who has done the rescuing, every bit of it.

"I know," I said; "I'm very much ashamed. It was my obstinate plan, and you have done all the work, every bit of planning and arranging. I could have done nothing without you." He took this quite seriously. He is so often sud-

denly serious when we have been laughing.

"You are quite wrong. The motive power in this whole affair has been your kind heart. The rest has been mechanical movement that that motive power set in motion. I've always believed that kindness is one of the strong forces in nature. It achieves and achieves, where unkindness can do little more than obstruct. If this poor creature gets a chance at happiness, if life ever becomes to her something more than bewilderment and pain, if in time she finds that a large part of the world snaps its fingers at Chinese mothers-in-law, if she ever finds that freedom and peace that you have planned for her, it will be your heart that did it, not my manœuvring."

"You've taken all the risk," I said. "Won't you take a little of the glory?" After a long minute of silence he an-

swered—"Yes, I'll be very glad to take it . . . at your hands!"

We found a bosun or a mate, at any rate a foreigner on the wharf, ready to take Ah Fu in charge, and David gave him some instructions. I saw him hand the man an envelope to be given to the stewardess and I heard him say:

"This Chinese woman has a first class passage, and I wish her to be treated like an English lady!"

I wonder what the bosun-man thought of this curious way of treating a native woman—all he said was, "Very good, sir, I understand; thank you, sir." Mr. Jerrold gave Ah Fu fifty yen, a fortune for her, and as we stood there on the little wharf, the black waters stretching out on every side, and the swinging lanterns throwing unsteady shadows, she lost much of her lethargy and clung to me.

She clung to my hands and raised them

to her face, and pressed them to her lips and cheeks, though she didn't kiss them. I did my best to comfort her, but with that dumb wall between us, there was little to do. I told her again and again that it would be all right, that she would be taken care of and made happy, and then at last the tug whistle blew, and that is enough to frighten a civilised creature, and I'm ashamed to say I jumped, at which she clung to me quite terrified. It sounds very bald as I write it, but you don't know, Patty dear, how it affected me. And to think that there are millions of poor women in China in just such ignorance and misery, with the understanding of a seven-year-old child.

She was helped into the launch, and it puffed off, and I saw perhaps the last that I shall ever see of Ah Fu. I don't know whether she looked out at the receding shore, or whether her poor head was low in unutterable anguish, but I

stood a long time at the end of the dock and waved my handkerchief. Dark as it was I thought that perhaps she could see the little flash of white, and would know that I had not deserted her until she was out of sight. I couldn't help a few tears for her, and it was some minutes before I could get rid of the signs of them.

We found the play well along when we got to the theatre, and Edwarda and Mannerly already in the box. The play was a French farce, badly translated, in which husbands and wives get dreadfully mixed up. I didn't feel in the humour to be amused by it, so I let my eyes stray to Edwarda's profile, and that set me thinking what an infinitive variety there is, in human expression.

Edwarda's profile is well worth looking at. It shows a short aggressive nose, a cheek of softest pink, a heavily marked brow, and a mass of live crinkly

hair, that grows low on her forehead and ends in little curls on her neck.

I have always thought that if I ever wrote a book I would give my heroine curly hair. I don't know a greater convenience for an author than to have a curly headed heroine, for it gives him practically carte blanche with her destiny. He can do almost anything with her. He can get her up in the early dewy morning when the hero is almost sure to be abroad and the rest of the world hasn't yet had time to curl its hair. He can souse her with rain, which is also useful for it gives the hero an opportunity of wrapping her warmly in his own mackintosh, or he can shipwreck her, if such extreme methods are necessary, knowing all the time that the damper she is the neater and prettier she will look.

Well, looking at Edwarda's hair I completely changed my mind. Not that I

don't admire Edwarda's hair. I do, for I can't help it—but it seems to be part of her positiveness, and her positiveness is very tiring to me.

I suspect that much of her charm for Mannerly lies in her difference to little Wild Rose.

The siren change has called to him, and answer her he must—as must all men—I suppose when they hear her voice. I'm not blaming them—it's man nature I am told (Karl told me, years ago) but it is sad when there's a woman in the boat with them whom they leave to shipwreck and to death.

Edwarda is tall with broad shoulders and slim hips; and as straight as a young pine tree. Her brown eyes snap and sparkle as she talks, and her straight red lips can draw themselves into very forbidding lines, when any of her theories are questioned. She is always perfectly confident that she is right. She

believes steadfastly in her own opinions, her own ability, her own judgment, her own taste in dress. If she has ever been assailed by any doubt at all of the world she lives in, or the world to come, she gives no sign of it. She is one of those people whose belongings are always perfect. Let her become possessed of anything and it immediately takes on a virtue it never had before. Her religion is the only one; her relations more satisfactory than any one else's; her profession the most ennobling, and her home superior in every way to other homes. If she took smallpox to-morrow, I am sure she would find qualities in it that would eclipse the illnesses of other people.

Her attitude towards Mannerly seems to me to have in it a trace of defiance—perhaps she feels for him an interest that his blue eyes and his cleft chin coerce—an interest she would

rather withhold. She has confessed to me that she finds him rather frivolous. However, that doesn't matter in the least, that or any other failing he may have, for should she ever accept him, he will be transformed in a twinkling into the perfect man. Can you imagine a greater difference than between Edwarda and Wild Rose, as I see her day after day, her whole slender body drooping on her pony's back, the corners of her lovely mouth drooping also, and her blue eyes, often swimming in tears, fixed on a distant ragged line of trees? I have never spoken a word to this girl but I know her to be weak, or she would not be sitting a China pony, in a country far from all she has loved, shame struck before me.

There you have the two women. I know much of one, all to her advantage, little of the other, all to her disadvantage, and yet if I were a man, and were

choosing one of them for life, it would not be to the strong one that I would give my love and strength and protection.

All this may sound very dreadful to you, very shocking. I can hardly explain it myself, for I have so hated and feared the kind of woman she is, and yet I have none of these feelings toward her.

Edwarda got herself very nimbly into her rickshaw when we came out, and from Mannerly's hurried good-bye, I fancied he followed her at a discreet distance to see that she got safely home. I am quite sure she is the only white woman in Shanghai that would go about alone at night in a rickshaw. I have to admire her courage. David took me home. I don't remember that we said a word, but oh, Patty, what it is to sit beside him, and feel the comfort of his presence. That's the word for it. I have not found it before. He sheds com-

fort about him and serenity, and I have the feeling that I could put my head down on his shoulder and go to sleep and it would be all right. Poor Patty! what very uncomfortable feelings I am giving you with my outrageous admissions.

December 13th.

A wet and stormy day.

I have not been out of the house, and I have read until my eyes are tired.

There's a stir of some kind in this household that I do not understand. The servants are upset. Even Boy the imperturbable shows a ruffled surface. There is nothing to be seen from his face, but he has hovered about me in quite an unusual way for two days, as though he wanted to speak to me. Once when he was dusting the library unnecessarily, a thing one of the coolies usually does, I tried to help him out and

asked if anything was the matter, but he only mumbled something and went.

December 14th.

Well, no wonder they are perturbed. The whole household is it seems on the verge of some dreadful calamity, and only Karl and I in ignorance of it. Poor Karl who it seems is the chief victim.

The morning after Ah Fu's abduction, Boy brought me my early tea and said briefly, "Ah Fu have go." I didn't act any particular surprise, it's such an everyday thing for Chinese servants to leave without warning. If their particular position is a vital one, such as cook or house boy, they leave a substitute, but in all cases they come and go as noiselessly as snow. So I pretended only a mild interest and told him to find me another amah. He didn't say another word about the matter.

This morning he came to me, his yellow face showing real signs of distress and poured out a flood of pidgin English, which just for the fun of it, I must try to reproduce.

"After Ah Fu have go-everyday one piecee man come this side, he talkee me, he brother have lose wife. He say we makee hide this house. My talkee he, no havee makee hide this house. Everyday he talkee me very bad talk. Everyday my talkee he get out.

"To-day he come, tellee me, last night have go Joss house, have makee write plenty bad thing, makee every man this house catchee sick—have makee (and here his eyes became more furtive and frightened than they had been) write master name, one piece paper have burn paper. Before one year master must make die."

Do you get the sense of it—misfortunes of some kind are to fall upon the

household, and Karl is with true Chinese justice to suffer the extreme penalty of dying before the year is out, just because he is the master. The Chinaman, you see, always strikes at what our papers call the man higher up, because in this feudal country, the fall of the master, involves the fall of the underlings. I wanted to laugh but I didn't dare show any levity, so I said very sternly:

"Foreign Joss belong very strong, more strong than Chinese Joss. He no let Chinaman hurt foreign man and foreign man servants." As he still seemed dubious I added, "To-morrow I go foreign Joss house. I talkee foreign Joss," and this seemed to give him much comfort.

So to-morrow I shall have myself driven to Church with as much circumstance as I can muster, and then I shall in very truth ask the foreign Joss to

guard Karl from any evil consequences of what may have been great foolishness on my part.

I begin to think it would have been better to let Ah Fu go back to her own life. What right had I to meddle? What does one brow-beaten woman more or less matter in China? Oh, for Edwarda's supreme belief in her judgments and decision.

Of course it's ridiculous: the threat of a superstitious heathen and his little piece of paper, but I'm depressed.

December 15th.

I didn't get to church after all.

Karl didn't slam the front door until 6:30 this morning, and I, fool that I am, didn't close my eyes until I heard it slam. So I was worn with sleeplessness and headache, and at Church time I was fast asleep.

There is no service to-night so I can't go, and I'm feeling ridiculously nervous about the whole thing. I'm getting superstitious as Boy, and I feel as though I had neglected an important precaution. To-morrow, dear Patsy, is mail day, I must finish this long, long letter. I'm afraid you'll go to sleep over it, but oh, the pleasure it is to me to write to you.

It takes you all my love—my thoughts —my prayers—everything.

CAROLA.

December 20th

How mercifully time takes the edge from everything. Patty, when I put away my wedding dress, a good many years ago, I did it with all the grief I might have felt at the burial of a friend. It soothed me to indulge in a great deal of sentimental misery over the proceed-

ing. I put the dried remains of my wedding bouquet with it, and sewed them up in a strong muslin bag and thought I would never see them again. I remember calling it the burial of my happiness, and I cried over it God knows what bitter tears!

Well, to-day I got it out again to wear to a Fancy Dress Ball! I ripped open the linen bag, threw the dust of the wedding bouquet into the scrap basket and shook out the long folds of the dress without a quiver. There wasn't the sign of a tear drop about it, and thanks to the dismal care with which I had put it away, it looks as fresh as the day I wore it. Lucky for me that I insisted on a Venetian wedding dress, rather than what would have been fashionable, full skirt and balloon sleeves, for I can step into it with almost no alteration, and by stealing a few beads here and there, and sewing them to a little round

cap of white satin I am ready for the ball on the fifteenth of January. It is to be a big general thing at the Town Hall, and Karl insists that we go. No tailor would make anything now, all far too busy, and so without my wedding dress I should have been badly off.

Mr. Jerrold has been away.

I have missed him.

December 22nd.

There is such a Christmasy feeling in the air, and some of the shops have really pretty toys in them. I couldn't resist buying some dolls. This morning I shall send them to one of the office men. He married a native woman, but I dare say his little girls have enough English blood in them to enjoy a doll.

Curious, isn't it, that Chinese children have no toys to speak of, and so few games and Japan so full of childish

mirth and amusement. Oh, if I could only be at your Christmas!

Patty, what is it like to fill little stockings to bulging point, and trim a tree at night with closed doors and much mystery. Oh, Patty, if only—if only.

December 23rd.

I wish you could see our Christmas presents, my dear! They have been arriving for the last two days, many of them on their own legs, some carried by the most obsequious coolies, who of course get a Kumsha for their pains; and all so attractive that I am gloating over them like a child.

A sheep is the best luck present that can be given. We have now three in the compound, bleating very plaintively. Turkeys come next in luckiness, and we have six gobbling and dragging their feathers in that indignant way they have.

I am sure they are furious to learn that their ultimate fate is to be eaten by a foreign devil.

Then we have baskets and baskets of oranges, such pretty open baskets, that show the fruit inside; lovely blue and white jars of ginger, little tubs of dried lychees and many boxes of tea; and all these things are tied with bright coloured strings under which are slipped little arrow-shaped pieces of paper, bright with red and gold paint and black lettering, the sign of a present.

And then, Patty dear, hold your breath —for you are going to have most of them—eight beautiful rolls of silk, satin and brocade. The hospital will have to help us eat the lambs and the turkeys. I am as pleased as a child over the whole thing. I had no idea that Christmas in China would be so festive. And all these things are from people whose names I don't even know, compradors, office men

and merchants. Of course Christmas means nothing to them, their own festival is their New Year that comes some time in February. I waxed quite sentimental over the kindly spirit of these gifts this morning and said to Karl that it ought to teach us a lesson in kindness to strangers in a foreign land—but he said there was no "damned kindness in it, just business," but he could not spoil my pleasure in it.

We have had many invitations for Christmas dinner, but I said no to all, even to Mr. Jerrold. I could not face the possibility of going perhaps alone at the last moment. Christmas is a day when it would be hard to plead business for Karl if he suddenly decided that he would rather play cards at the club.

Christmas Eve.

It has felt like Christmas to-day. The foreign part of Shanghai is gay with

greens and red paper flowers. There has even been a snap in the air that felt like snow. I wish it would snow. It would be soothing to see a soft white blanket laid over the ugliness of Shanghai. I am thinking of you and the children—imagining your preparations and their excitement. I hope the box got to them in time so that Aunt Carola may have a little place in their happiness. You will be thinking of me I know.

I suppose Wild Rose is alone too. Mannerly is I know to dine with Edwarda at the McIntyres.

What a pity we two lonely women could not spend our Christmas Eve together.

What a thought! Imagine what the Aunts would say could they bring themselves to conceive of such a thing. I wish I could send her a few flowers and a friendly message. But it wouldn't do, would it? Dear me, the things that

won't do and that seem so eminently doable to me!

Christmas Morning.

I came down to find a big basket of red roses from Mr. Jerrold, and from the French Consul a round bouquet whose every flower is wired to a tooth-pick, the whole encircled with a paper fringe. I've never seen one before, except in valentines and it's given me more joy than I can say. I put it in Karl's place for breakfast, but he didn't find it very funny, and said it was damned French impertinence. I went to Church and walked home, exchanging a dozen Merry Christmases and I can't make out why "Merry Christmas" and "The same to you" never sounds stupid or trite. It's always as if one heard it for the first time.

In the afternoon I went to the Paper Chase. I had to drive a long way, for

it was far out in the country, and then I had to walk a good distance, and as I made my way over the broken ground of the cotton furrows, Mr. Jerrold overtook me and steered me to a good place on a high Chinese grave, near the finish. All Shanghai was in that field, for the Christmas hunt is the hunt of the year. I saw Edwarda and beckoned her and she joined us on our mound which directly overlooked a nasty wide gully, the last jump; Mr. Jerrold said somebody would come off there and somebody did. After a long, long wait, we saw horses and riders in the distance, and they came streaming over the field towards us, Mannerly's pink coat leading. As he jumped I shut my eyes of course, and so I don't know how it happened, but I heard some screams from women, a confused grunt from the men, and Edwarda and Mr. Jerrold had run down the slope of our grave, and in an-

other second we were all three kneeling over Mannerly's muddy form. He wasn't hurt, only dazed for a few moments, and Edwarda took command of the situation of course. He tried to get to his feet, but she held him down with her strong arms, insisting that he lie still until she made an examination of his injuries. He had none, but as he was forced to lie still every one came crowding about, thinking no doubt that he was dead. It wasn't until he laughed, a perfectly sound laugh, that Edwarda let him get to his feet. I offered them a lift home and he accepted, saying he felt a bit shaken—but I think he wasn't shaken at all, but wanted the drive home with Edwarda. As for her, she was plainly disappointed that he hadn't even a dislocated finger she could bind up. As we walked away I saw Wild Rose at the fringe of the crowd. Her face was white, her lips trembling,

and as usual her eyes fixed on some distant point. Perhaps, she had thought him dead too, for a few agonising minutes. No doubt she had longed to slip from her horse and run to his side and lift his head into her arms. And she couldn't. Surely she had a right and yet she couldn't. What a terrible world it is.

To-night at dinner I had a great surprise. On my plate was a Chinese jewel box of blue and yellow brocade, and in it a ring, a single pearl, as big as an overripe pea. A wonderful globe of creamy white and pink.

I looked up at Karl with my mouth open, and he asked me if I liked it. Really, Patty, I have never been at such a loss in my life. It is years since he has given me a present and such a present. It is really magnificent, and must have cost, I am sure, more than he can afford—and there I sat without a word.

If only I could have run around and kissed him for it, as such a pearl deserved, but the kiss that such a pearl deserves isn't in my makeup. Instead I got some foolish tears in my eyes, God knows why, and then I stammered some thanks, and my admiration of it, and put it on my finger, and looked at it and all the time I couldn't look up at Karl because of the tears, and when at last I did look up, he was looking glum and disgruntled. He was evidently disappointed in my acceptance of his Christmas present. And indeed I don't wonder—it wasn't gracious or pleasing in any way.

And even now I am wondering what it can mean, as I sit writing to you and watch it gleam on my hand.

I don't mean that I don't love it; what woman wouldn't love such a wonder?

I've been trying to analyse the giving of presents—they seem to come from

four sources. From kindness—or love, or interest or habit.

The habit died out between us long ago. I haven't given Karl anything for years, not since I made him a red heart of satin, filled with his favourite orris root, and which I meant him quite seriously, and without any sense of being ridiculous, to understand was my own heart that I was giving him for the millionth time. And Karl hasn't remembered a fête date for years either. So it could not be habit. There is no love between us, kindliness, is at a low ebb, and as for interest, what could Karl have to gain from me?

Karl had told me he was going to spend the evening at home, but he went out after all. I don't blame him, for the evening was hanging interminably. I exhausted my praises of the ring, and there was nothing else to talk about. So here I sit, Patty darling, talking of it

all to you, the gleam of the lamp playing on my beautiful pearl, and into the velvety hearts of David Jerrold's roses—and the angry slam of the front door still ringing in my ears.

The day after Christmas.

Oh, there are good things in life, Patty. One of them was to heap the carriage with baskets of oranges and lychees and ginger, and take them out to the hospital this morning.

The pleasure in those stolid baby faces when they each had their laps heaped full, and a Christmas card and an orange in each hand. We sat them round in a ring and gave them their presents, and they never moved during the ceremony—they may be sitting there still for all I know. I never saw children that stayed put as these Chinese children do.

The hospital looked more cheerful than ever. It's always cheerful to me, despite its whitewashed walls and stone floors, its smell of carbolic and its suffering women. It's the spirit of the place that looks out from behind Dr. Simmonds' spectacles, and puts cheer and courage into the whole place. Edwarda is an excellent doctor—the other doctors are good women, and all love their work, but Dr. Simmonds does her work I think from the love of God, and that perhaps is why the sick women long for her smile and the dying ones ask to hold her hand. On my way home I stopped for a moment at the resting place. No Wild Rose to-day, but David came swinging along, and stopped to talk a minute. He ordered me out of the carriage and told me to walk home. Another man would have said, "You look pale," but he said, "You look yellow," and then he added, and there was a wistful look in his eyes,

"I'd like to walk back with you, but this place is peopled with fools."

January 7th.

Patty—give me your clever little wits a few minutes, and tell me why David sometimes seems to avoid me.

I have often thought he did, and then when after a few days of mere bows and smiles he does stop at my carriage wheel or sit for half an hour on the little front seat, with his long legs hanging out on the step, I begin to think that I must have imagined it. I am sure of it now however. It is a week since he has spoken to me until to-day, and then for a moment only, and only about books. I see him every day striding along on his way from his office to his house. Doesn't he like me, as much as I like him, or is he afraid of getting me talked about? This last idea seems absurd in a place

where every married woman has one particular and several general admirers. However, I hope he has some such chivalrous idea. It's better than having to believe that he doesn't care about speaking to me every day as I care about it. Indeed it's necessary to me. It makes my day cheerful, or the reverse. My one friend means so much to me.

To-day when I saw him turning a corner ahead of me I called "man, man" (which interesting as it sounds is only the Chinese for stop) so sharply that the Mafoo awakened suddenly from his doze, pulled the pony back on his haunches, dislodged the number two mafoo prematurely from his seat, and brought us to a standstill rather more acutely than was comfortable, but it had the effect I desired, for David could not mistake the fact that I had stopped on purpose to speak to him.

Patty, I've never seen a face that

lights up as his does. His whole soul seems to shine in his grey eyes, while he holds my hand, and sometimes for a silly minute I could almost imagine, . . . Oh, well, never mind.

We talked as usual of the books he had sent me. I told him those I had read and those I had discarded.

"You are trying hard to educate me," I said.

"God forbid," he answered, "I'm trying to interest you."

We talked of a wonderful book he lent me, the correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, covering some twenty years. Oh, Patty! how I longed to be clever, when he asked me what had struck me most in these wonderful letters. They are full of deep thoughts; of exquisite language, the very inside of two great minds. Carlyle is aloof from all the small interests of life, egotistical, dyspeptic, great with tragic greatness.

Emerson lovable, tender engrossed in spite of his work in the lives about him, great without a hint of gloom. But what struck me most, was just this—In one letter Emerson tells with much suppressed joy of the birth of his second child, a daughter. One can see how he would love to expound on the theme, but he generously does not, his insight no doubt showing him how small will be Caryle's interest in such an everyday affair.

In Carlyle's answer, he sends his love to the "mischievous boys." Now one is a girl—and is only two weeks old (imagine a mischievous baby of two weeks) but this seems to be Carlyle's only conception of childhood, and through all their long correspondence, Caryle never applies any other adjective to the Emerson children. I felt ashamed when I had to admit that this lack of interest, and also Carlyle's feverish de-

mand for a recipe for corn bread, such as he had eaten in America, were what struck me most—but David was delighted with what he called my astute commentaries—"The most human thing in the whole book," he said—"and yet it escaped me."

Then he asked me how I had liked Sir Richard Calmady, and when I told him it had made me cry for two days, he said, "Damn the book."

Patty, I believe I look dowdy in the clothes I have now. I am going to send you a draft, and I want you just as soon as you can, to get me some pretty frocks and hats. I want the prettiest things you can get, and I don't care what you spend.

I want two evening dresses. You know what suits me, but remember I'm not twenty-one, as I was when last you saw me. Blue used to be becoming and yellow too, and please have them very

delicious looking. Then I want a carriage dress, and at least six hats, and one of them covered with roses, red roses, for alack it will be hot weather by the time they get here. And some pretty slippers and stockings. I'll send you an old slipper for size, and some scarfs and jabots—and anything you think is pretty and becoming.

I've let my clothes go for so long, and cared so little, and worn the productions of Chinese and Japanese tailors, and I am suddenly terribly conscious that I've lost all smartness, and a woman of twenty-nine must be careful how she dresses, mustn't she?

I'm dining out to-night. How I wish I had something pretty to wear.

January 14th.

David has talked to me more than once of the laws of compensation and I be-

gin to find it, now that I look for it, in all kinds of little ways that I never should have noticed before.

The Scarths' dinner last night was an example of the law, for did I not all through its semi-German, semi-Scotch dulness, have the realisation of David's presence, even though far, far away at the other end of a sixteen-foot table.

Mr. Scarth's Scotch blood and Mrs. Scarth's German blood have combined to make a curiously heavy result in their six daughters.

After dinner we played a game (their word, not mine) that some one has evolved from consequences and the albums in which years ago we were invited to set down our most intimate tastes and aversions. Pieces of paper were handed around; and we wrote down our answers to a number of questions read out by one of the daughters. We signed our names, folded our little slips, and then

they were read aloud by David Jerrold, and we guessed their respective authors, and the best guesser got a prize. The questions, were, most of them, answered jocosely, how jocosely you will see when I tell you that "tulips" as the answer to "What flower do you prefer?" was considered a very subtle and amusing *double entendre*. Well, I did my best. I forget most of my answers, but they weren't any funnier or half as subtle as "tulips."

For some reason, absence of mind, I suppose, when I came to the question "What do you hate most?" I forgot to be funny and put down the truth "Waiting" and was quite ashamed of the seriousness of my answer, when read aloud among such aversions as "pigs' feet."

And now comes the compensation for that stupid game.

On my breakfast tray lay a note in David's hand, and in it were these lines.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea.
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace;
I stand amid eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek, are seeking me.
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone
I wait with joy the coming years
My heart shall reap, where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs on yonder heights
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky
The tidal wave unto the sea
Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high
Can keep my own from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Dear law of compensation—if you would always work as promptly.

January 16th.

Patty, have I ever described to you the French Consul?

I am sure I haven't and that will prove to you that I have never given him one thought, and how he could presume, how he could dare to say. . . . Wait! I'll tell it from the beginning. The French Consul has a blond beard, which parts in the middle with what I am sure he considers a very graceful sweep. A mild blue eye, a smallish waist, and very pointed shoes, are other points I have noticed about him.

His clothes look too tight and his gloves are of lemon yellow. Do I make myself clear? I have danced with him often, and talked with him whenever we meet. He always praises my accent, and

I feel it is good practice for my stale French.

I have never thought about him for two consecutive minutes until last night.

Last night we went to the Fancy Dress Ball.

My dress looked well, so well that I was amazed at my reflection, and the little cap was becoming too, and I did my hair low, like the pictures of Desdemona.

Karl was resplendent in a borrowed English uniform. I have never seen him more beautiful. He looked very keenly at me when he helped me with my cloak, and began to say something—and then didn't. It isn't often that Karl denies himself the pleasure of speaking when he wants to.

Perhaps he didn't like the dress, but I don't care at all, for every one else did.

He and I danced the first dance to-

gether. Some customs die hard, and he is the best dancer I know. I remember when we were engaged, how important it seemed that our steps should suit each other so perfectly. David asked me for two dances, but as he dances very badly, we agreed to sit them out. He wore his red hunting coat, pink coat I believe I ought to call it; "Costume enough" he said, and so we sat out our first dance. He guessed quite easily that I was trying to look like Desdemona. I told him that I was wearing my wedding dress and he looked so sadly and so intently at it that I fancied he must be thinking of his own wife in her wedding dress, dead so many years ago. I danced a great many times, and finally found myself sitting with the French Consul, in a little out-of-the-way corner of the big room, tucked in behind palms and a screen where we could watch the dancing.

Patty, I don't know how long the man

had been talking in the same strain before I woke up. I had not been listening to him at all. I was watching Edwarda as the Goddess of Liberty talking to David, and wondering if he found her very attractive. I remember him saying as we sat down, "Vous êtes en grande beauté, ce soir, Madame," but a French compliment means so little that I paid no further attention. As Edwarda and David passed out of my vision, I heard the words "Ma Chérie," ma bien aimée" and realised that I was being made love to. I ought to have got up then with dignity. A properly shocked woman would have done so, but I wasn't at all shocked. It has happened to me before in these eight years, for you can understand that in a community that numbers fifty men to every woman, each woman must take her share of love-making when the mood happens to capture her partner. It doesn't seem quite fair not to! So I

didn't leave then when I might have done so, and in another minute I could not have moved to save my life, for he was talking and talking very fast, not of his own feelings, which are his own business, but of mine. He was talking of my unhappy married life, of my loneliness, of my need for companionship, of my need for love and consolation, and oh, horrors upon horrors, he was offering me all these needs of mine in his own person.

It was hearing my carefully guarded secret dragged out into the daylight—it was hearing myself talked of as "femme incomprise," "femme malheureuse," that made me sit like a stone, while that bearded, perfumed absurdity talked on. What worries me now is whether he thinks to-day that I liked it. I might have sat there all evening, had not David passed alone. When I saw him the spell that held me there like a dumb fool was

broken, and I almost ran to him, and took his arm and said that I wanted a glass of water. I wanted awfully to cry, but as I couldn't I laughed, and after I had laughed a minute, David said,

"No, you don't want a glass of water, you want to go home and—I'll take you."

So he led me out of that crowded room, got my wraps, called my carriage, and ordering his own to follow, he got in with me. But that wasn't the end of that adventurous evening. It was a horrible night, wet and windy, but the brougham was snug, and David wrapped the fur rug tight about me. We were driving the nastiest of our four nasty-tempered ponies, the one that has a trick of running away at times, and as we left the Maloo and got on the Bubbling Well Road, our pace grew faster and faster; so that David leaned forward to look through the glass and said, "Freiheit

shouldn't let you drive behind that pony at night and with only one mafoo."

He had hardly said it when we swerved across the road (I suppose the pony shied), the back wheel struck something and caught; I heard the mafoo cry out, and jump to the ground, and in another second, the pony was kicking the dashboard into splinters, and David had thrown his arm around me and was pressing my face into the fur of his coat. I don't know how many times the pony kicked, but every time I thought his heels must come through the glass and strike us. At last he kicked himself free, and I heard him pounding down the road, and the mafoo in full cry after him. Then I lifted my head, and though I did not feel frightened, when I began to speak my teeth chattered. "Oh," I said, "how ridiculous to be left sitting here alone in the dark."

David didn't take away his arm, but

he let me go a little and said, "Forgive me for smothering you, but I was afraid his heels would reach the glass, and a flying piece might strike your beautiful eyes."

"Oh," I said, and it was true—"I thought you did it, so I could not scream."

"Bless your heart no; you could have screamed as much as you wanted to, it would only have frightened the pony a little more, that's all. Sit still," he went on, "my trap will soon be along, and I'll take you home in that." So we sat there in the dark, and though I didn't want to, I could not help being conscious of his gentle arm that held me as you would hold a child. I don't believe he realised it at all.

When we heard his trap coming we lowered the window and hailed it, and leaving my stranded brougham in charge of his second mafoo we were soon at

home. David came in after me, and going straight into the dining room ahead of me he poured some brandy into a glass and put it in my hand and told me to drink it when I got to bed.

"And go to bed, right away—will you?" he added.

Then he stood at the bottom of the stairs watching me until I was at the top, and at the top I waved my hand to him and said good-night, and after I closed the door I heard the front door close.

Patty, I don't know what you think, but I think that gentleness and thoughtfulness and courtesy are the most alluring qualities a man can possess.

I am awfully glad he thinks my eyes beautiful.

January 30th.

Patsy, I have been too gay to write. Yes, really gay, inside and out. I have

been out every night for two weeks, and I am really enjoying it, as I never thought I could again.

Several times I have had the good fortune to go in to dinner with Mr. Jerrold, but whether it's a dance or a dinner, he comes to talk to me always. He never stays long, but he never forgets me.

Karl made an awful fuss about the accident the night of the dance. I don't know quite how I was to blame, but he thinks so and almost makes me think so, but I don't care.

This is a poor letter, dear, but it's just to tell you that I'm well, awfully well.

February 17th.

Oh, Patty, Patty, how am I to tell you —and how am I not to tell you—I can't keep it to myself any longer, but where am I to get the words to make you understand? Have you noticed how little

I have been writing lately. I can't write unless I write truly? I gave you my promise about that, and I cannot break it.

Oh, Patty, will you despise me, or fear for me, or be happy for me or what?

I hope the last, for I am happy myself, happy as I never dreamed possible. Happy with the sweetest sort of contented happiness.

Last Autumn, I remember writing you, that between David and me, there was no man and woman feeling. It was true then, and is still perhaps for him, but for me it is no longer true. For me the whole face of the world has changed. I think I began to know it the night my pony ran away. Oh, Patty, am I made of clay only? Is there something gross about me? It was his touch that woke me. Not his big mind, nor his kindly ways, just his touch. That night when he put his arms around me, my heart

beat so wildly that I thought he would feel it under his hand, and since that night I have been a different woman, a woman who loves a man who isn't her husband. If you are going to blame me, Patty, be glad for me too, just a little bit. I know it isn't right, I know it is perfectly hopeless, and yet I would not give it up, no, not even for my lost happiness of years ago, for it is better than that ever was.

The man I love is big, and good and upright and gentle. Surely I need not blush to love such a man. At first I had days of doubts. I thought perhaps my imagination was playing me a trick —but I know better now.

If a woman knows, without looking, in just what part of a crowded room a man is standing, and to whom he is talking—she loves him; and I always know about David. Poor little sister! Are you shuddering and wringing your hands,

and wondering what will happen to me? Don't! for nothing will happen. I will go on year after year, happier in my heart, and a better woman in my thoughts for this big love within me. And year after year David and I will meet, and talk of books, and people and things, and he will never guess what is in my heart, and I shall never want to know what is in his.

You shall be my safety valve, poor, patient Patty.

March 11th.

God hates me, Patty—he does, he does. Don't cry out—don't say I blaspheme; don't say anything until you hear. David is going away. He is going home to England, and I must go on living in Shanghai without him.

Oh, Patty, why must it be? Why must everything I love be taken away? Was

I so very wicked to love him? I didn't want to. I didn't ask for it. It came to me. And I didn't mean to make ill use of it. I meant to keep it hidden, to let it sweeten the bitter places in my heart. I asked nothing—not even in my inmost secret soul. Not a look from him save the kindly one he gives to all the world, nor a word, save his thoughts on books, and his gentle, courteous comment on the day's events.

God hates me. He *must* hate me.

March 15th.

I can't let him see my misery. I try to act when with him, as though I found the world a very cheerful place. I have laughed when there is nothing to laugh at. I have talked of my plans for the summer as though this summer were just as important as any other summer. To-

day I said, "I think I will take a house at Wei Hai Wei." I've never thought of doing it for a minute—so I'm becoming a liar in my wretchedness. But he must *not* know; must not suspect that next summer isn't quite as interesting to me as these next two weeks before he leaves. So I laugh, a great deal of thin laughter, and the charm and the naturalness of our companionship is gone.

I dare not be natural. His eyes look so deeply into mine that I dare not let him read them. He has asked me to spend a day with him on his houseboat before he goes. He will get the doctor and his wife to come too.

"Spring is here," he said. "I want to show you what Spring can do even in China. Will you spend a day with me?"

A day! when I would like to spend every day with him, and every minute of every day. "Yes, I'll come," I said.

March 20th.

Spring is Spring, Patty—even in China!

The same things happen here as in other lands, if one's eyes aren't too blind with weeping to see them.

Shanghai is still brown and grey, but ten miles up a little creek, that opened into the muddy Whangpoo the marsh grass is waving its bright new stalks, the willows on the banks are a mist of tender green, and live things jumped and splashed in the water as we moved.

Birds twittered and talked of love, and the nest that love was urging them to build for the housing of love's fulfilment.

The doctor and his wife were on the dock before me, and David waiting for us on the deck of his boat, and it was not quite nine when we pushed off into the stream. For a mile or two, until we came to the mouth of the little creek we

wanted, we were pulled by a noisy, smoking tug, but once between its narrow banks, the big ulo swayed and squeaked, the coolies' bodies bending until they touched the deck, in the long, strong sweep which makes the big oar cut the water. It is not a rapid means of motion, and how typical of China!

The sky was pale, pale blue, and there was no wind. All morning we slid smoothly between those narrow green banks, sometimes passing a native village, where yellow-faced children called to us and then scampered along beside us, as any children would have done, and men and women stared at us from black doorways, leading into caverns of dirt and evil smells.

Sometimes we passed under high arched bridges, high enough to let the big sailing junks pass under, when they come back to their harbour after a tossing on the sea. At noon we anchored

and had lunch in the dearest cabin you ever saw—done in blue and white cotton crêpe, with blue and white Chinese bowls from which to eat our luncheon.

And then the doctor and his wife said they must have their daily snooze, and so we left them the cabin and went on deck. David put our chairs as far forward as they could be put, and brought rugs and pillows and made me comfortable.

We talked and we talked. After tea, which we had on deck, the McIntyres went below again to play piquet. Yes, I know it was Sunday, dear, and they are Scotch Presbyterians, but China has wrought her invariable transformation, and now they play cards on Sunday instead of going to Church.

And then, Patty, when David and I had settled again in our chairs, the sun sank, and as the sky turned pink and amethyst, and palest of pale blue, he be-

gan to tell me what I have so longed to know—he told me about his life. He told it very simply and briefly and so I will try and tell it to you.

Twenty years ago, when he was twenty-one years old he married a woman a little older than he was, a woman exquisitely beautiful. Before a year was over she had run away from him with another man, and in another year she was dead. For three years he wandered over the world. He never stayed more than a few days in one place. Something drove him on and on. He called it something—but anguish I suppose would be the best word to describe it—oh, how well I know that longing to move, to move, and never to rest.

At first his hand was against every man's. The world was to him an evil place—full only of lies and suffering. This lasted for nearly three years. Then something (again he called it some-

thing, but I know it was his big nature and great heart) caused a change in him, and gradually he came again to see that there was truth and beauty and happiness in the world. In thankfulness that all bitterness had gone out of him he made a vow. He vowed that he would never so far as lay in his power harm either man or woman. He vowed that another man's wife should always be as sacred to him as his own had been. As he told me this, he did not look at me, but straight off into the darkening water; and when finally he turned to me he said—"Child, child, don't cry for that old sorrow. It isn't worth one of your tears. I didn't tell you to make you sad, but because I wanted you to understand. We have been great friends, haven't we? I have never had a woman friend before."

After that we sat silent for a long time, while I swallowed my tears, and

then I asked because I wanted so much to know, "How did you find peace at last?" and he answered—

"In work, in books, and in that vow I made."

March 27th.

Two days ago, Patty, I went to the steamer to see him off. Don't be alarmed, there is nothing unusual in that. Everybody goes to see everybody off here. Sometimes one goes just for the pleasure of standing for a few minutes on boards what will soon be leaving this dreadful country. However, even if it had been unusual I should have gone just the same. I could no more help going than the sun can help setting.

All was confusion on board and though several times I saw his tall figure, it seemed impossible to get to him. There were many people I knew going, and I said many good-byes, and laughed much

thin laughter. At last he came to me, and took me off to the end of the boat, where there was a little quiet, and there I said good-bye to him. I don't know what I did say, Patty, the words all came in such a rush. I told him what his going away meant. What loneliness and desolation. He did not stop me, he let me say it all, but just once when my voice caught in my throat he said, "Oh, don't, my darling, don't." There, that is all.

He has gone, and I must live my life without him and find peace if I can, in books and in work, and in a vow I have made and which, please God, I shall keep as he has kept his. But, Patty, let me say just this one thing, and then never again shall I hurt or shock you. It would have seemed quite natural to me, and it would have been to follow the craving of my mind and body to go with him then. It would have seemed more natural to me

than to have come back to this house that is my home, and to Karl who is my husband. Such things are, Patty, such things are, and I understand much now where I once condemned. I have just one more thing to tell you. The morning after he left, there came to me a basket of pansies and a book of verses. The book fell open where a marker lay, a slip of paper with a date on it, and the date was that of his sailing, and on the page between two pencilled crosses were these lines.

A FAREWELL

With all my will, but much against my heart,
We two now part,
My very dear
Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear
It needs no art,
With faint, averted feet,
And many a tear,
In our opposed paths to persevere,
Go thou to East, I West,
We will not say

There's any hope, it is so far away,
But, O, my Best.

When the one darling of our widowhood
The nurseling grief,
Is dead,
And no dews blur our eyes,
To see the peach bloom come in evening skies,
Perchance we may,
Where now this night is day,
And even through faith of still averted feet,
Making full circle of our banishment,
Amazèd meet;
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet
Seasoning the termless feast of our content
With tears of recognition never dry.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

April 30th.

Karl has been acting so strangely. He has been staying at home much more frequently during the last month, and for a week past has spent every evening at home reading. His reading is the most disjointed and nervous thing

you ever knew. Every little while he closes his book with a bang that makes me jump, gets up to hunt for another, fusses about the room, and destroys all sense of peace.

Last night after he had banged his book two or three times, with a noise like a pistol shot, I couldn't bear it any longer, and I said I would have to go to bed if he did it again. I expected his usual answer to a protest of that kind.

"You haven't the nerves of a hare. Why can't you get over jumping like a singed kitten?" or else his even more usual and quite conclusive answer to all protests—the slam of the front door; but neither came and he said meekly he would try to remember not to do it again. Karl meek! it positively frightens me.

There is in his restlessness a suggestion of restrained desire.

It reminds me of those days so long ago, in our early months together, when

his old life was calling to him, and he had not yet shaken himself free of his life with me.

Then, as now, he would pace the floor, read in jerky fits and starts, and slam his book to in just the same violent way.

Then I did all I could to amuse him. I played to him and sang to him (no, Patty, not enough to drive him from the house), played cards with him, talked to him. But it wasn't any use. Karl had ceased to love me, and Japan, alluring, dainty, multicoloured Japan was calling him back to her, and finally he went. But what in the world is calling him now, and why doesn't he go?

I no longer play or sing—I don't even talk to him.

May 2nd.

A very radiant, proud and flushed Dick burst in upon me this afternoon to

tell me that the dearest and best girl in the world, etc., etc., had promised, etc., etc. I shook his hand. I listened to his rhapsodies, which were boyishly incoherent, I gave him tea, I tried to match his enthusiasm and all the time my heart was throbbing and throbbing for little Wild Rose.

Silly, perhaps, for what do I know of her? She may not love him, but I don't believe that.

If once his blue eyes had looked love—if once that tanned boyish face, and that dimple in his chin had belonged to a woman, she *couldn't* give him up without a heartbreak—well, heartache anyway. I make that concession to her type.

The only cloud on his horizon however is that he has to go away on business for a few days, but the engagement is to be announced before he leaves.

May 4th.

Oh, Patty, I'm beginning to be afraid of Karl's restlessness. I'm beginning to suspect the meaning of his evening struggles with Emerson, Carlyle and Swedenborg. Last night he brought me another gift, no pearl this time, but a diamond pin of old workmanship, which he picked up here at an auction. It is lovely and of course I like it and perhaps in time I shall get over the curious half-shamed feeling I have in wearing it. When he gave it to me, looking very fixedly at me, my impulse was to refuse it, with the hauteur proper to the refusal of something which enfolds an insult, but a little common sense came to me just in time, and I was able to accept it with all the delight which its beauty caused me. Thought showed me my first impulse in an appalling light. Have I gone so far, that a present from my husband feels like an insult. Is my

heart really so far, so very far away, nearly at Brindisi by this time?

I wonder how soon you will see him. He promised he would go to see you at once.

May 8th.

Oh, I am very frightened, Patty. Karl has made it perfectly plain. He wants to go back to the old days; begin all over again and be happy. Oh, what am I to do? We had a terrible conversation; the most terrible I have ever had. I felt my face flushing and my heart beating. It seemed to me that we outraged all decency in speaking of our old life.

Karl said things like this—"I'll admit I've been in the wrong, but I have changed. I'm tired of the life I have lived. I want to settle down and be in my own home. I want you to love me as you used to; I know you don't

now, but you will again if you'll let yourself. I have never ceased to love you. Appearances ought not to count in all cases. Women never understand men and their feelings and temptations. Anyway the past is the past. I'm older than I was when I was married, and this Eastern life is hell, unless a man has a real home to live in."

My answers were halting and vague and only given to gain time. I dared not tell Karl the truth, the truth that a year ago I might have listened, that then there might still have been for me some music in his voice, some sweet compelling music that might have made me forget these years I have lived alone. That a year ago, if I had heard him say, "I love you," it might have brought to me some feeling other than fear and disgust. I dare not tell him that I love another man and the thought of belonging to any man except the man I love,

fills me with horror. I dare not tell him for I am quite sure he would kill me for it.

I did say that I no longer loved him, but he answered that he would teach me all over again. This brought to me so clearly the sight and smell of Cherry Blossoms, the flavour of those far-off days when he first taught me that my head swam.

"What of our compact," I said. "I have never broken it—I've never questioned or intruded. . . ."

He interrupted me very vehemently at that, and was most flattering in his admiration of the way I had kept my side of our bargain. He said he never would have made it, if he had thought me capable of keeping it!

Then he went on to say that he had a pretty clean record for the past year, that he thought he deserved some consideration for that—that it was woman's

alienable right to forgive and forget, one of her greatest privileges in fact, and a great deal more of the same kind of thing.

In the end I asked for time, and I have promised that when he comes back from his country trip, for which he leaves to-morrow, I will answer him. I can tell you now, as it is so long ago, that when first this sort of discussion took place between us, years ago, my answer to Karl's arguments was a pistol. Karl knew I could shoot, and I told him that I would use it for myself, or for him, or for us both, unless he respected my wishes. It always brought the interview to an end. I don't think Karl a coward, but I suppose he realised that an hysterical woman is capable of any folly, and the game wasn't worth the risk. I have that pistol still, but I didn't remind him of it. The days of melodrama are over. I am no longer

an hysterical girl, but a woman, who must order her life with calmness and wisdom, and see to it that no tragedies touch it.

My answer now will be to go away. But where am I to go? I can't go to you, for David is in England. He might think I was following him—No, he wouldn't think that, but I should know I was following him. Europe is too near England, America and the Aunts, and their questions? No, I can't face that—Australia might do—will have to do; I don't know a soul there, but I can find a travelling companion of some sort, maid or something, and spend a year there, or until Karl promises to renew our compact forever.

May 9th.

I have taken passage on a boat that leaves for Sydney next Monday. There is no earlier one. Karl said he would

be gone a week. Will he be back Sunday night or Monday morning? It makes little difference. I shall sail on that boat whether he is back or not.

I shall go without saying good-bye to any one except my friends at the hospital and Wild Rose. I have plenty of money to my credit, and another draft due next month. I arranged about a letter of credit to-day.

PS.—Edwarda's engagement to Dick has been announced. Poor Wild Rose!

May 10th.

I am filled with a wild idea; so wild that when it came into my head I laughed aloud, but I couldn't laugh it away. There it stayed all night, and I couldn't sleep. By turns I raged at myself for a fool, and went on making my foolish plans.

This afternoon I shall go to the rest-

ing place, I shall get out, and go up to Wild Rose, take her hand and ask her to go out with me to Australia. She will come, I know she will. It will be the beginning of a new life for her. No one will know she is with me, until we get to a land where her frailties are unknown. She will follow me on the next steamer and I will wait for her in Hong Kong. I shall have my companion, and she will have the chance of a new birth.

May 14th.

God, Patty dear, had no need of my poor human meddling in His plan for little Wild Rose.

While I was planning for her a new birth in this world, he was planning for a new birth in the next. She is dead, Patty, and when she died, I held her hand in mine. This seems so natural

now as to need no explanation, but I realise that to you it will sound as though I told you I had jumped the whole width of the China Sea in one jump.

Well, you shall see how it happened. On Tuesday I drove out to the resting place, sure of finding Wild Rose, with her back to the road, and her eyes on our distant trees. But she wasn't there, and after waiting an hour I went home half relieved that I had yet another day before the telling of my plan, for it was going to be no easy thing, this asking a strange woman, to whom I had never spoken a word, to go with me to Australia. I didn't for a second give up my plan, but I was glad of the respite of a day. I dined at home and alone, and after dinner I got out my accounts, for there was, and is still, much to be done. I feel it would be very un-

fair to leave Karl suddenly responsible for the whole maintenance of this house and stable, where he has had but half. I know very little of his affairs, and it might be difficult for him to meet the whole expense. So I was going over the whole of the last year methodically, so I could know about how much to leave for my share of the next six months, and I had just finished when Boy knocked, came in hurriedly and asked if his friend might use our telephone. Our telephone is the only one in just this part of Shanghai, and it hangs in the hall, just outside of the library where I was sitting. Of course I gave permission, and began putting my books away. I heard the man ring the bell, call a number, talk a minute or two in Chinese and then in voluble and excited pidgin English he said,

"My missee have make shoot herself.

Please come very quick. I think makee die. My missee name belong Missee Nanette Ward. She live No. 11 Honan Road."

He was telephoning for a doctor and his Missee had shot herself, and his Missee was Nanette Ward. It was all as plain as day. I stood perfectly still until I heard both the boys run down the hall, talking their terrible language as they went. Then Patty, I assure you I didn't give one thought to what I was about to do, I did it from impulse, but an impulse as impossible to disobey as the one that causes us to sit bolt upright in bed at the boom of the fire bell at night.

I ran upstairs, pulled a cloak from my wardrobe, ran down, opened the door for myself, and was out in the road in a minute. In another minute I had hailed a passing rickshaw and said to him "11 Honan Road."

The house wasn't far from our house. I had thought of her always living in some remote part of the town. Mrs. McIntyre had told me she was near the French settlement, but it wasn't so. In less than three minutes, by several winding alleys we came to a bungalow, shut in by a high stucco wall. It was very dark, with only the rickshaw man's lantern to show me the path to the door. I didn't ring, but tried the handle and the door opened, and a light streamed from a half-open door at the end of the hall. There was not a soul in sight and impulse still leading me I pushed that door open and was in the room. I will try to tell you about it as I saw it afterward, as I sat through the night, for the moment I saw nothing but a white face, and a mass of yellow hair, and a crimson spot on the bosom of a white gown. The room was a room of luxury; the room of a woman who loved soft

cushions, padded floors, shaded lights and flowers, but it was the room of a lady. There was nothing cheap in it, and nothing ugly. The curtains of old rose Chinese brocade, the old rose carpet, and the black wood furniture, were perfect. It might have been the room of a duchess, set in some nightmare in a Chinese bungalow, on a squalid Shanghai street.

In the corner an old amah was crouching, rocking to and fro, and wailing as she rocked. I went to the bed, and kneeling down I felt one of her little hands. She was not dead. Her hand was warm and the pulse ticked feebly. I didn't know what to do. I had thought her dead, and she was alive, and perhaps yet to be saved if I could do the right thing in those precious moments. I looked around for brandy, and then some half-forgotten warning that stimulants were bad for bleeding

came into my mind. So I dared do nothing, except to take a fold of her soft nightgown and press it to the little hole which I uncovered, and from which the blood oozed gently and steadily. So I waited for that doctor who had been telephoned for. In a little while he came, a little dark Parsee I have often seen driving about the town. I gave him my place as he came in, and if he thought one way or another about my being there, he gave no sign. I stood on the other side of the bed and watched him. He looked closely at the little hole, felt the pulse and shook his head. Then he pulled lint and bandages from his little bag and bent over her. He worked over her for a little while—gave her a few drops of something from a bottle, and kept his finger almost constantly on her wrist. He shook his head too almost every minute and finally he looked up at me and said,

"She cannot live—internal hemorrhage."

"You won't go away?" I said, and he answered:

"No, I will wait."

Suddenly he left her side and began looking for something. I knew what it was, and I knew too where it was. Where could it be but beside the bed where her hand had let it drop. His foot touched it as he went back to her side, and he picked it up—the little shining thing and laid it on a table. It fascinated me. I could feel it there all the night as we sat waiting in a silence only broken now and then by something he did for her.

His swarthy fingers looked quite black on her white wrist; I held her other hand so limp and soft and young and I tried to pray for her. I tried but I couldn't. All that would come was an immense regret that my plan had been too late.

That God's plan, if it was his, had taken from her a second chance in this world that had treated her so badly. I looked at her, beautiful still, even with grey lips, and closed blue eyelids,—and I thought of the hour of her birth, when perhaps her mother hearing that she had a little daughter began to plan for her a radiant future. She died at four o'clock without having opened her eyes. But I like to think that the pressure of my hand gave to her some comfort—some sense of human nearness.

It was not until he had covered her face that the little doctor turned to me with some wonder and speculation in his eyes. We went out into the hall shutting the door behind us. The amah had long since taken herself off, and we rang for the boy and the doctor gave him many orders. Then he turned to me. It didn't particularly matter to me what he thought of my presence there,

but I had to think of Karl's view of the case, and the gossip of Shanghai, so I told the truth plainly, just how I happened to be there. Then I made the plea that I thought would have the most weight.

"Under the circumstances," I said, "I think my husband would prefer that no one should know I had been here."

"Certainly, Mrs. Freiheit," he answered. "It shall be of professional secrecy," and then he called me a rickshaw. I am glad Dick was away. Would I have sent for him—would the servants have sent for him had he been there. I don't know. Anyway the poor fellow was spared much.

This morning a little package was brought to me. In it was a box and a letter. In the box was a gold medal, a medal given for valour in our Civil War—on it were engraved a name and

date. The name is a name of the South, a good name, and this was the letter:

Dear and beautiful lady:

You will forgive me for writing this, for when you receive it I shall be dead, and death wipes out everything.

You are the only woman who has smiled at me in many years. Will you please accept and keep, in memory of those smiles, the only treasure I have. It was my father's, and I beg that you will never let any one know that the name upon it was once mine.

Everything is over, and I cannot begin again. There is no life for me, but one life, and I have no courage left for it.

If, where I am going it is possible to pray, I shall pray that some day you will be happy.

NANETTE WARD.

Oh, how I wish, how I wish that she might have lived, or that she might have known that I held her hand as she died.

I came in from the simple ceremony that disposed forever of Nanette Ward, to find Edwarda waiting for me.

The funeral, at which the little doctor and I were the only mourners, was in the Chapel set in the middle of the foreign cemetery. We are still foreigners in China even after the earth has taken us back.

The doctor had let me know the day and hour as I had asked him. Little Wild Rose was to be cremated, and as we listened to the solemn words of the service, we two, who are perfect strangers to her and to each other, and only there because by chance, we had watched her die,—I heard the sound of the shovel grating against the coal, which was later to change her poor soft little body into clean white ashes. I liked the sound, I liked the idea. It was such a definite and satisfactory solution of the life of a besmirched Wild Rose.

It was a tearful, defiant, overwrought Edwarda who waited for me.

Shanghai of course is ringing with the news of this tragedy, and at the hospital they are bringing much pressure to bear to make Edwarda break her engagement. To those Puritan women there is but one thing to do in the face of such a scandal To wash one's hands of all connection with it.

Dick is on his way back from Tientsin, in response to a wire from Edwarda. Poor thing, she could do little but repeat, "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" When she was a little quieter we talked.

"How can I bear it?" she said. "How could he deceive me so—how could he be so vile? They all tell me I must break it off—but I can't, I can't give him up, oh, tell me, what am I to do?" It was curious to hear Edwarda asking my advice, and to see her proud confident head bowed on her hands.

"I wouldn't give him up," I said.

"I would stick to him closer than ever. I'd help him to bear it and forget it if you can. It will be hard to make him forget it. Probably he didn't mean to deceive you. It was a hard position, a hard thing to tell you. Probably he meant to, in time."

"I think he did try to tell me," she said, "but I would not understand. Besides I don't believe it was his fault. He is such a boy. Any bold designing woman . . ." I could not stand that so I stopped her short.

"Now, Edwarda," I said, "you know nothing at all about the woman."

"Dick is not a boy. He is a man, and quite responsible for his actions. For the sake of your future happiness, don't tempt him to wriggle out of it on any such plea as that.

"Admit his fault, and then forgive it. Besides I'm not quite sure that you have anything to forgive. His fault wasn't

against you. It was against himself and against her. It all happened long before he knew you, and for you he deserted her."

"Deserted her! Why she was only . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know (I couldn't bear her to say the word) but she may have had a heart for all that. I don't believe she was hard or wicked. I believe she must have suffered a great deal." I couldn't help a tear coming to my eyes. Edwarda stared at me.

"Why," she said, "she was a bad woman. You talk as though she were just like anybody else. You talk almost as if you had known her."

"No," I said, "I didn't know her. But, Edwarda, I'm going to ask you a favour, and it's for your sake as well as Dick's."

"If, when Dick gets back, you speak of her, as I suppose you must, speak of

her gently. Don't rant against her. Don't call her bad or designing. It isn't for the sake of the poor thing. You can't hurt her now. It's for your own sake. I can't explain exactly, but I have an instinctive feeling that Dick will love you better, and be grateful to you, if when you talk of her, you do it in gentleness and charity. And, Edwarda dear, promise me still another thing. Talk of this whole thing but once. Let him say all he has to say. Say all you have to say, even if you have to sit up all night, but once you are finished with the thing—never, never speak of it again.

"You know how confusing it is to read two books at a time; well, shut and be done with this book before you open the book of your new life. Don't even leave that old book on the shelf when you and Dick marry, burn it."

When I had finished preaching at her and she had gone, I realised how very little right I have to be giving such advice. "Admit Dick's fault and forgive it," I preached, but I can't admit Karl's fault and forgive it.

I am so tired, Patty dear, and there is so much still to be done, and so much packing ahead of me.

Sunday Evening, May 15th.

The slam of the front door is echoing through the house. Perhaps it is the last time I shall ever hear it. It is late, Patty, but I must write this to you to-night. I may not have another opportunity. Usually one can see one day ahead. To-night I cannot. I don't know what to-morrow will bring. Karl came home this evening. I was arranging papers here in the library when he

came. I have packed a small box of things which I shall send to you. My will, your letters, and a few books.

Karl came in, and his eyes were glowing with the look I fear so much.

I stood up and held out my hand, and he drew me into his arms, and kissed me on the lips.

Six years ago, how my heart would have beat from such a kiss. To-night every nerve in my body seemed to writhe in an effort to draw away from him, but I stood quite still.

Then he threw himself into a chair, and said,

"I'm a day ahead of my time, Carola —but I couldn't stand it another minute, and I tell you that I made those damned coolies sweat, to get me here to-night.

"Are you a little glad to see me?"

His eyes seemed to burn, and his beautiful face was flushed. "Yes," I

said, "I'm glad you are back, so that I can say good-bye to you.

"I'm leaving to-morrow on the *Belgian* for Australia. I am taking an amah with me, and when I get to Sydney I shall advertise for a companion to travel with me.

"I may be back in six months, or I may not. It depends on you."

Then the storm broke. I can't tell you about it. There is no time. Karl swore I should not go. He said I was his wife and he would find the means to prevent me. He told me in one breath that he could not live without me, and in the next that I was a damned fool.

His language would have frightened any woman not inured to mighty oaths.

It lasted two hours—and oh, I am so tired, Patty dear. Can he really prevent my going? I don't know, and if he can, what then?

Am I to go back to hysteria and flourish my little pistol? I don't know, I can't see a day ahead.

If I only knew that the front door would slam every evening as it did to-night. . . .

I am going to bed now, I shall send this letter out by Boy, to be sure that it is posted before I sleep.

If I go I shall send you a cable from Hong Kong, and give you the name of my bankers. If I don't go, if I am kept a prisoner—oh, dear, how childish I am. We are not living in the Middle Ages. If Ah Fu could run away surely I can; but oh, for David's help!

In a day or two you will see him—his vessel is due in Brindisi to-day, and he said that within three days he would go to see you. He promised me that and also that he would write me at once and tell me of you and the children.

I shall probably never get that letter.

Karl would not trouble to send it on to me. I wish I could have waited until it came. Perhaps, Patty, you could tell him, that it's not likely to have reached me. Perhaps he would write again; just once. It would be a comfort to me to have a letter of his to carry about with me in a strange land.

Do this for me if you can.

Good night, sweet sister. You and the children are probably in the garden as I write.

Kiss them for Aunt Carola.

Cable to Mrs. Ford.

May 16*th.*

Karl died suddenly last night.

CAROLA.

May 18*th.*

My dear Mrs. Ford:—

I regret that it is my painful duty to convey to you the sad and distressing particulars of Mr. Freiheit's tragic and untimely death—

the news of which has already been cabled you. Mrs. Freiheit has entrusted me with this task, asking me to give you in detail such particulars as we have of the sad manner of his taking off. Mrs. Freiheit, I must begin by saying, is rallying from the shock of this sudden blow, but is still too prostrated to be allowed to make the effort of writing. She seems most extraordinarily anxious that you should have all the particulars without delay, and it was not until I had given her this assurance that she consented to let me undertake the task.

Mrs. Freiheit's courage has been extraordinary, her devotion to her husband was well known, and her grief and prostration at his death was extremely painful to witness. She seems to blame herself in some way, but this is part of the terrific shock she has sustained. Mr. Freiheit met his death during a fight between some Russian and Japanese sailors which took place on the Bund during the early morning hours of the 16th inst. It was one of the many insignificant fracases which occur so frequently that no attention, no official attention, is given them. The sailors as a rule break a few heads, and then withdraw to their ships. On this occasion the fighting took place a block or two from the Shanghai club, and the

noise attracting attention, several men who were playing cards went out to see what was going on. When within twenty feet of the fight, it is said, a large stone dislodged from the road bed struck Mr. Freiheit and he sank to the ground. No one knows who threw the missile, and in the consternation that followed, the sailors stopped their brawling and all fled towards the water and embarked. Mr. Freiheit was unconscious and was immediately carried to his house, two gentlemen preceding him in order to warn Mrs. Freiheit of his condition. I was called up, and dressing hurriedly, arrived at the house only a short time after he was brought in. Your sister's fortitude, while he still lived, was remarkable. She bore up wonderfully, giving me such aid as I required, but when it became my sad duty to tell her that he could not possibly survive, the skull being badly fractured, her anguish became intense, and I had much ado to quiet her. After he had passed away, she insisted on being left alone with him, and though I was obliged to comply, I remained in the next room, and would not allow the intervening door to be closed. I was then able to watch her, for her grief was of the extreme kind

which made me fear for her actions. She remained with him during the night and until twelve the following day, though I used every means from time to time to induce her to leave his side. Nature in the end came to my aid, for Mrs. Freiheit fainted, and we were able to carry her from the room.

Immediately after the funeral Mrs. McIntyre and I insisted on taking Mrs. Freiheit to our own house. We are extremely fond of her. Her charm and her kindness having endeared her to us both and we will keep her with us until she is able to sail for home. It is well that we took her—all her servants deserted her on the day following the tragedy. It seems there was some superstitious idea among them that Mr. Freiheit was to die within the year.

I regret the shock and sorrow which this news must bring to you, but pray be assured, dear Madam, that Mrs. Freiheit is surrounded by friends who are sincerely attracted to her.

Miss Edwarda Grey has been constantly at her side, and so far as lies in our power she shall not lack for sympathy and help.

Sincerely and in deepest sympathy,

DONALD MCINTYRE.

Cable to Mrs. Freiheit.
Shanghai.

Courage—what steamer do you take?
DAVID.

Cable to David Jerrold, Esq.
The Travellers Club, London.

Sailing via *P. & O.* June first.
CAROLA.

Cable to Mrs. Freiheit.
Shanghai.

Your sister and I will meet you at Brindisi.
DAVID.

THE END

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